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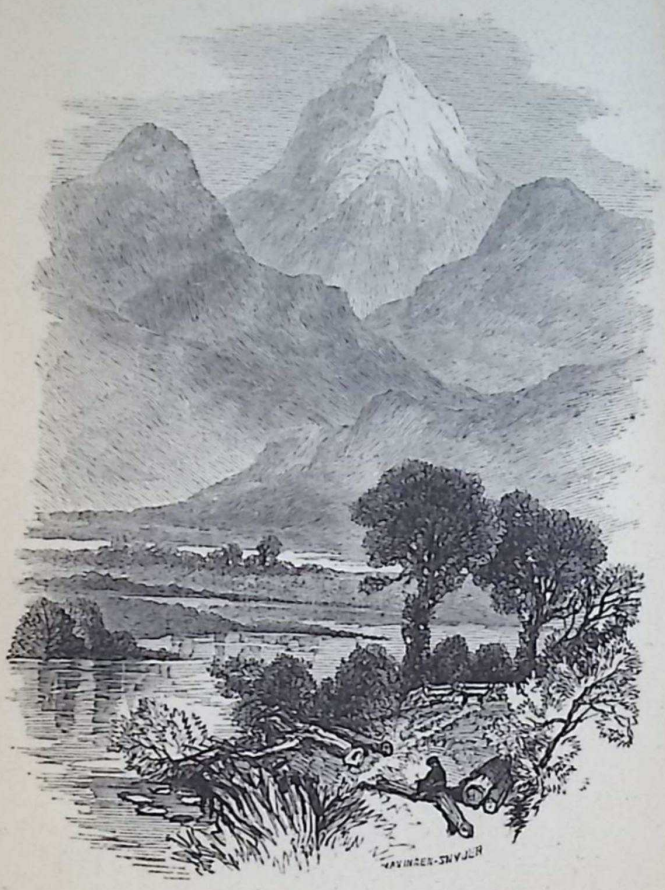

THE SUNNY MOUNT.

THE

SUNNY MOUNTAIN

AND ITS

PEAKS.

BY

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AUTHOR OF

"LESSONS IN FLYING," "GRAPES FROM THE GREAT VINE," &c.

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THE SUNNY MOUNT.

Beautiful for situation,
The joy of the whole earth,

IS

MOUNT ZION.

Ps. xlviii. 2.

THE SUNNY MOUNT.

In ancient times it was quite common for a man to have several different names. When he was a child his parents would give him one. Then, in the course of his life, something would occur that would lead him to take another; and, in some cases, before he died, he would come to be called by quite a number of names.

Do you remember the strange occurrence mentioned in Gen. xxxii. 24—29, where Jacob is represented as wrestling all night with the angel? Now, up to this time, he is called

Jacob, but the angel, before he left him, gave him the name of Israel. And from that time he is called sometimes Jacob, and sometimes Israel.

Peter, also, is at one time called Simon, at another Peter, and at another Simon Peter.

But who among all those mentioned in the Bible is called by the greatest number of names?

Our blessed Saviour. I think, if you will look through the Bible, you will find more than fifty different names and titles given to our Lord. He is called Wonderful, Counsellor. He is called a Rock, a Lamb, a Vine, a Door and a Corner Stone. He is called Immanuel, and Jesus, and Christ and Jesus Christ.

The reason is, that he is so wonderful a being, that no one name, and indeed no fifty or a hundred names would be sufficient to point out all the glories of his nature and character.

Now it is just so with Religion. It is called a City, a Body, a Mother, a Garden, a Flock, a House, and by many other names.

And in more than one place it is called a Mountain.

Now let us see if we can find out some of those things in which religion is like a mountain. But first tell me what a mountain is.

"Oh!" replies Master Harold, "we can easily answer that question. We have it in our geography lesson. A mountain is a portion of the earth's

surface considerably elevated above the surrounding country."

Very well. That will do to begin with. Now if you will open your Bible at Hebrews xii. 22, you will see that religion is called Mount Zion. "Ye are come unto mount Zion." The word Zion means the "Sunny Mount." It was one of the hills in Jerusalem.

Harold. "Why was it called the Sunny Mount?"

Perhaps because it was the tallest of the city hills. Hence the people down in the valley would, in the morning, see the sunbeams as they came over Olivet, first resting on its top, and in the evening, as the sun went down beyond the Mediterranean Sea, its beams would linger longest on its head.

And is not Zion, the Sunny Mount, a beautiful name for Religion? Is it not indeed a sunny mount?

"Like some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway cleaves the storm,
Though round its base, the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Look at that sunny elevation and say with Solomon, "I will get me to the mountains." Song of Solomon, iv. 6.

2. *Who makes the mountains?*

Eva. "God, don't he?"

Yes, the Bible says that "He setteth fast the mountains." Man can pile up heaps of earth here and there, but he cannot make a mountain.

Can he make a true religion?

Harold. "He cannot."

No, he could just as easily build up the Alps or the Alleghenies. He cannot build a bridge to the moon, for he has nothing to set the piers on. But religion is a bridge across the stream of death to heaven. How could man build such a bridge?

The first thing man needs in religion is pardon of sin. Can man pardon himself? There are (say) twenty men in prison for crimes. Can any one of those men go round and pardon the rest and set them free?

Then we need to be made pure and holy. The sinner is a leper. Now shut up fifty lepers in a hospital together. Can one of those lepers go round and cure the others?

But men are constantly trying to make a religion for themselves, and

sad work they make of it. The Greeks had a religion, and the Romans also, and all the heathen. But while a religion ought to make its worshippers better, human religions only make them worse and worse.

Now, how long does it take God to make a mountain?

"O, I suppose," says Eva, "he could make one in a minute, if he wished."

Assuredly he could, and sometimes he does make one in a very short time.

One Sabbath night, centuries ago, the people who lived in, and around the city of Naples, in Italy, were alarmed by an awful noise, and a shaking of the earth, and by the falling of large masses of earth and stones

on the houses, and all around the country. And when daylight came they saw, to their amazement, that God had built up, during the night, a mountain in the edge of the bay, four hundred feet high, and a mile and a half in circumference! This mountain they called and still call the *Monte Nuovo.*

And of course God built the mountain of Religion, but instead of building it in one night, he was four thousand years in completing it!

At first, it was very small, just a little mound with this truth for its foundation, "The seed of the woman," which you know means *Jesus*, "shall bruise the serpent's," that is Satan's, "head." It was just big enough to build an altar on, and there Abel

offered his sacrifice. But it kept growing. On its sides Enoch walked with God, and from it God took him. Gen. v. 24. On it Noah built the Ark. To it Abraham came from Ur of the Chaldees. The miracles in Egypt made it higher. The thunders of Sinai higher still, and broader too. On it they erected the Tabernacle, and all Israel encamped upon it. By and by they built the Temple on it. And when Jesus came he completed it and set Calvary on its very top. So now it stands with the cross right upon its highest peak, and from its sides Jesus is calling by the mouths of all its ministers, "Look unto me and be ye saved all ye ends of the earth!" And Isaiah, lii. 7, exclaims—"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet

of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation."

The blood of Jesus wet this mountain. The ashes of all the martyrs, and the bodies and bones of all who die in Jesus are buried on it—and there those bodies sleep—"being still united to Christ," and waiting for the resurrection. And now all who love Christ are going up towards heaven in the paths upon its sides.

3. A mountain you said was an *elevation* of land. What does that mean?

Willy. That means that when you go up on it, you are higher than other people.

Yes, that is it. The sides and tops

of a mountain are a great deal higher up in the air than the valleys and the plains at its foot.

Now are not those who become truly religious, lifted up far above the rest of the world?

Lucy. "Yes, Sir. They are lifted up to heaven, and the others are cast down to hell."

That is true, but I mean even while they live in this world.

Harold. "Why, it seems to me that they are often much below the people of this world. The priests in the time of Christ were very high, but see how they treated the apostles, whipping them and putting them in prison."

You are right. But let me tell you a story.

Well; one morning very many

years ago a farmer walking across his field, saw something in the grass that attracted his attention. As he drew near he discovered it to be a little baby almost perished with cold and hunger. He took it up and carried it home to his wife. They pitied the poor little thing very much. They warmed it and fed it. Soon it began to grow, and became a very fine-looking child.

Now this little child, once exposed to die by the order of a cruel King in the open fields, became Cyrus the Great, who took Babylon on that memorable night on which the king Belshazzar saw the hand-writing on the wall (Daniel, Chapter v.,) and who sent the Jews back to the Holy Land, after they had been seventy years in exile.

This, you will say, was a grand elevation—this rising from that damp cold field where he almost perished in his infancy, to all the power and splendours of the Medo-Persian throne!

But that is much more surprising and glorious which brings us up from our sins and guilt to some bright spot on the mountain of religion.

There we lay in our sins ready to perish. Our sins and our wicked hearts were like heavy stones about our necks to sink us down to hell. We were covered with rags—for even our "righteousnesses were filthy rags," when, just as that farmer came along and found that famishing babe, Jesus came along and found us.

"With pitying eye the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief.

He saw, and oh, amazing love,
He ran to our relief."

And what did he do for us but take us right into his family. Nay, he took us into himself! Hear what Paul says, "We are members of his body and of his flesh and of his bones!" Think of that! And he made us *kings* too. And more than that, he made us priests at his altar. For the song we shall sing to Jesus in heaven is this, "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God!" This surely is a glorious elevation.

He makes us JEWELS—his jewels. "They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels." Jesus wears a beautiful crown as he sits on his

throne. Think, my dear child, of shining for ever as a precious stone, a diamond in Jesus' crown!

But even this is not all. He elevates our character. Did you ever see a poor man going about the city streets with a piece of iron or strong wire bent at one end, and with it dragging rags out of the mud and putting them into a basket or hand cart? You can hardly bear to look at him at his work. Now do you know what he does with those rags? Why he sells them to those who take them and turn them into white beautiful paper! Do you know that some of those beautiful gilt-edged sheets of white paper, on which your mother writes her letters, are made of these filthy rags?

So when we come to religion, Jesus washes our souls in his own blood and makes them white and pure so that they are fit to go up among the angels in heaven.

Now some earthly kings have very vile hearts. Nero was a king, but he was an awful wretch. Herod was a king, but his soul was as black as Satan. But religion makes us kings unto God.

So, just as a mountain lifts us up above the world, away from its scenes of blasphemy and strife, and brings us nearer to the stars, so religion lifts us up towards the purity and glories of heaven.

4. The air in the mountains is generally *healthier* than it is in the plains below.

Our missionaries in India, when they sicken at their toil in the cities, fly to the mountains, and there often their health is restored.

And our mountain-tops and sides are dotted with boarding-houses and hotels, which are often crowded during the summer months by those who fly thither from the sickening heats of the cities and the plains, to enjoy the cool healthful breezes that play about them, and drink the waters that flow from the springs in their sides.

Now sin is a great valley of sickness and death.

Did you ever hear of the poisoned valley of Java? It is said that there is a valley in Java where the air is so poisonous that any man who remains there any time is sure to die.

And sin is such a valley. Some people live longer in it than others, but all who stay there, die. Their bodies die and are laid in the grave, and their souls die and sink down to hell.

And this sin-sickness is a terrible disease. Isaiah says, i. 5, "The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint."

It is with the head or the brain that we think, and you know when children are sick, how strangely they sometimes think. I know a little boy who was sick once, and he thought his little sister was up on the roof of the house, and he thought that the room was full of strange men, and he begged his mother to drive them out. I have seen a sick man who thought

that his arms and legs were all bound around with snakes, and he would take hold of one by the tail and slowly unwind it, and then give it a fling, and then he would unwind another and fling it away. This sickness was brought on by drinking wine and brandy and such drinks.

Just so it is always when people are under this sin-sickness. Their thoughts are wild and strange.

Why I have known people to think there was no God! Just as if the stars and mountains and flowers could make themselves! Some think that the Bible, that tells how the world was made, and about God, and Christ and heaven, and the resurrection and the judgment-day, was written by men alone, and that God had nothing to

do with it! Some think that Jesus Christ, who calmed the storm on the sea of Galilee with a word, who cured the leprosy, and raised dead children and dead men to life, was only a man, and not God also.

Some think that all the wicked people in the world—men that swear and cheat and lie and murder, go right to heaven when they die. They think that when God sent the Flood to drown the people who were so wicked that he could not endure them any longer in this world, he took all those wicked ones right to heaven.

Once there lived at Hampstead, in England, a rich, idle man, who was a famous cock-fighter. He would procure these birds and train them to fight, until one or the other was killed.

He had a favourite that had always gained the victory in these cruel sports, but one day this poor bird was beaten. At this the wretched man fell into so furious a rage, that he bound it to a spit and hung it up before a fire, and was determined to roast it alive. When the poor creature began to scream with pain, the neighbours interfered to release it. But he seized a poker, and walking up and down before the fire in a perfect fury, poured out the most awful blasphemies, and declared that he would kill any one who ventured to set that suffering bird free! In the midst of his raving and blasphemy God struck him dead upon the spot. And there are those who think that this man went right up to heaven.

And every one who is sick of this disease, thinks very strange things. Some children think they are too young to love Christ. Some think that they are in no danger of losing their souls, though they are not prepared to die, and though people are dying every minute!

And Isaiah says in that same verse that the heart is as sick as the head.

Now a sick body is one that has disease shut up in it; perhaps a fever that is burning the life away; perhaps consumption that is destroying the lungs. And a sick heart is one filled with diseases. Paul tells us that some of these are, "hatred, variance, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings and such like."

And the worst of it is that these diseases will not stay in the heart, but they come out in the life and conduct.

Years ago there was a minister in Scotland, who had a son whose conduct was very near causing his death. When the father was preaching, this son would go out in company with other wicked boys and rob the neighbours' orchards, and do all kinds of sinful and disgraceful things. When he was eighteen years of age he was the leader of all the reckless, wicked youth in town. One time when there were several ministers at his father's house, he behaved so that his old father fainted away, and it seemed as if he would die. They brought in the guilty boy, and there

he stood, looking at his hoary-headed father as he lay in a state of insensibility. That sight so shocked him that he resolved on the spot to begin a new life.

Now this wickedness of this boy grew out of the sin in his heart. And there have been thousands of fathers and mothers whose lives have been shortened by the wickedness of their children.

In one of our southern cities there lived a man who had an only child, a daughter. This daughter found out that she was a sinner, and began to ask, "What must I do to be saved?"

The father was afraid that his daughter would become a Christian! He took from her all religious books. He promised her all manner of pre-

sents and pleasures if she would give up all thoughts of Christ. He even threatened to punish her, if she did not, and at last she yielded.

In less than one year, that daughter was laid on a sick bed. Her eye began to grow dim, and the last words she said, were these, "Father, last year I would have sought my Redeemer. Father, your child is—"

This was all she could say! And so she died! Now, it was that awful disease in that father's heart, that led him to slay his own dear daughter!

Now, religion is the mountain to which we must fly, if we would be cured of this terrible disease. It is in Mount Zion, that Jesus waits to cure all that come to him.

"Sin, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm, is sovereign grace,
And the physician, God.

"Madness, by nature, reigns within,
The passions burn and rage,
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage."

When one reaches some standing-place on the sides of this mountain, he thinks aright. The Holy Spirit shows him that God wrote the Bible, and that all he wrote there is true.

And he feels aright. He loves God. He loves Jesus Christ.

Now he sings with all his heart,

"Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear."

And he loves all of Christ's people, and his church, and his worship. He sings,

"I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood."

"I love thy church, O God,
Her walls before me stand
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand."

My young friends, do you love Christ? Is his name dear to you? I hope so. If so, your heart has been cured by the great Physician. If not, will you not now say, "I will get me to the mountains?" And as you go, ask the Holy Spirit to help you high up among its healthful peaks.

5. Now, children can you think of

anything else in which mountains are like religion?

Lucy. "Don't flowers grow on mountains?"

Yes, but more frequently, and more abundantly in the plains and valleys.

Harold. "I can't think of any thing."

Well then let me tell you that mountains have, in all ages, been favourite places of refuge from injurers and oppressors. The mountains in the Holy Land, are full of natural caves, and of others made by men, as hiding-places from those who would destroy them.

Once the Midianites gathered great armies, and marched against the people of God and conquered them, and

for seven years held them in bitter bondage. They trampled down all the corn growing in the fields and carried off all that was stored up in barns. They drove off all their sheep and oxen and asses. They came up, as we read in Judges vi. 5, 6, with their cattle and their tents, as grasshoppers for multitudes; for both they and their camels were without number, and they entered the land to destroy it.

What now, did afflicted Israel do? Some of them were killed, but some of them fled to the mountains, and "because of the Midianites they made them the dens which are in mountains, and caves and strong holds."

So Christians, when the persecutors have followed them, have been accus-

tomed to fly to the mountains, as you may read in Hebrews xi. 38, "They wandered in deserts and in mountains and in dens and in caves of the earth."

So the poor Waldenses when the wicked Romanists sought to kill them fled to the Alps and made their homes among those mountains.

Once a large company of them, flying before their murderous enemies, travelled all night through those dark ravines. When the morning broke, they looked back over the path they had come, and lo! they had, in one place, walked a long way, just on the edge of a tremendous precipice, where if they had taken a single false step they would have fallen and been dashed to atoms. In another, they

had skirted the edge of a mountain-lake that lay beneath, and in another they had passed under an overhanging avalanche that a whisper might have brought down upon them. But God had heard their cry—"I will get me to the mountains," and he led them along.

Now, so long as we live without Jesus Christ in our hearts, we are surrounded by enemies, and we have enemies within us. And these enemies are destroying men, women and children all the time.

There is a great lion who goes up and down our streets, day and night. He comes into our churches and Sabbath schools. He comes into our homes, and he has killed millions of people. I should not wonder if he

had bitten you many times. I know that he has followed you often desiring to destroy you. The apostle Peter, who was more than once terribly bitten by him and once or twice almost destroyed, writes thus about him. "Your adversary, the Devil, as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour."

I saw a man in his mouth the other day. The man was staggering and swearing and cursing along the streets, and did not know that Satan was dragging him along. I have seen a company of young men standing on the street corner, and as I passed I heard words from them that told me that this lion had them in his jaws. I have seen little boys whose conduct and language proved

that they were under Satan's awful claws.

Do you know whither he carries all that he catches, if they do not break away from him and fly to the mountains of Religion? He drops them into the lake of fire. "The fearful, and the unbelieving, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters and all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." Rev. xxi. 8.

Besides, you have enemies within you. And these are the worst of all enemies.

Many years ago two great armies met in the north of England and made ready for battle. They drew nearer and nearer, each party sure of victory. But just as the battle began, one cap-

tain, with a large body of troops, left the army to which he belonged, and marched to join the other side. This filled the hearts of those he left with fear, for they did not know how many more of their officers and troops might prove treacherous, and they turned and fled from the field.

Thus it is better to have ten open foes than one secret one in our midst. But if you are still unconverted you have a terrible foe within—a wicked heart. And this makes God your enemy. "God is angry with the wicked every day," and if God is your enemy what can you do?

Now these enemies within, and those without, make all our thieves, and gamblers, and drunkards, and swearers and murderers. They fill

our prisons. They fill human homes with unhappiness, and all our hearts with fear.

I often look on a Sabbath-school class, or upon the children, as a family, and ask, where will those children be, and what will they be in twenty years? If they are dead, where will they be, and if alive, where and what will they be? If they did not live in a world so full of enemies, we know what they might be, but now, who can tell?

Did you ever come across the story of the two pictures?

A painter thought one day that he would paint a picture and call it Innocence. He might have taken a little white lamb sporting in the fields, and painted its picture, with its bright

eyes and soft wool. For Jesus, who never said a wrong word, nor entertained a wrong thought, nor did a wrong act, holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, used to be represented by a lamb on the altar. Or he might have taken a milk-white dove, with its meek eyes and snowy feathers. For the Spirit of God, who makes our hearts pure and holy, took the form of a dove at the baptism of Jesus.

But the painter preferred to go into the nursery and take a little child, with its white soft skin, and its ruby lips, and its diamond eye, and its cunning little hand and foot. And he made a beautiful picture of that child, and hung it up in his studio. And every one that came in and saw that picture, exclaimed, "Isn't that sweet!"

About twenty years after, the artist said to himself, "I must now paint a picture to represent vice and wickedness, and hang it up by the side of that picture of Innocence."

Now, he might have gone to the menagerie and taken out his pencil and drawn a picture of a hyena, with its lank, bristly form and its hideous grin. Or he might have gone into the fields and drawn a likeness of some ugly vulture, feeding on the decaying carcass.

But as his "Innocence" was the picture of a sweet little child, he thought that his "Vice" should be a man—a bad man, worn out in the service of Satan. So he went to the prison, and looked into one cell and another, and at last he saw one that he

thought would answer his purpose. So he drew his likeness, and painted it, and hung the picture by the side of the other, in his studio. And every body who came in and saw it exclaimed, "Isn't that awful?"

It was a man in rags and filth, with chains on his arms and legs. His hair was long and matted on his head. His face was thin and haggard. His eyes were red and sunk deep into their sockets. His lips were swollen and parched. It was a human wreck. And what was his surprise to find, on inquiry, that those two pictures were likenesses of the same person! The sweet little infant had grown up, had early become very dissipated, had gone through every form of sin, and now he was chained and locked up in that

dungeon, a being shocking to look upon.

You need not think that this is so very strange. For I have attended the funerals of quite young men who have killed themselves by vice and profligacy.

You will not wonder, then, that we tremble sometimes when we look at a group of sweet little children in the Sabbath-school or playing in the streets, and think how many enemies will try to destroy them, if they live but a few years in this world.

But oh, if we can get these children to fly to Mount Zion, they will be safe! Religion is a mountain where no one was ever yet destroyed. The reason of this is that just as soon as children begin to be sorry for their

sins, and to love Jesus Christ, he takes care of them. He sends his angels to encamp round them. His precious blood is sprinkled on them, and he says, "no one shall pluck them out of my hand." They are his jewels, and he will put them in the bright crown he wears in heaven! O children, fly to the mountains!

"Fly, O fly ye to the mountains;
Linger not in all the plain,
Leave this Sodom of corruption,
Turn not, look not back again;
Fly to Jesus,
Linger not in all the plain?"

6. Then, most mountains are *hard to climb.*

Did you ever try to make your way up the sides of a steep lofty hill? I went once across the Ohio river, to

the Virginia side, with a company of young people to ascend a hill that rises almost from the river's edge, leaving room only for a carriage-road between. The hill-side is rough, and in some places abounding in thorn-bushes, and in some places very steep. Here and there the stones would roll from under our feet. Again the rock would be so slippery that we could scarcely retain our foothold. Often we had to seize tree-branches and shrubs to draw ourselves up. Several times when one would reach a level spot, with a sure foothold, another would grasp that one's hand, and thus be lifted to the same level. Sometimes five or six would take hold of hands, and all pull together. And when we reached the top, we were

quite ready to sit down and rest and eat some berries which we found upon the bushes.

Now Religion is just such a hill, with a deep, rapid, dangerous river flowing along its foot.

And most people find it very hard to climb this hill. Indeed they find it very hard to make a start in the upward journey. I know a good many now, who are lingering at the foot of the hill and occasionally looking up with a longing eye, yet unable to attempt the ascent. It looks so steep and rough and thorny. And sometimes they say, "what if I should begin to climb, and my foot should slip, and I should fall, would this not be worse than if I did not begin to climb?"

Yet they see that that deep, dark, rapid river is rising all the time. They know that if they stay where they are, they will certainly be washed away and carried down to everlasting death. Yet there they stay.

One thing that makes the ascent so difficult is that each one has a heavy burden on his back. Now, I do not think any of us could have climbed that Virginia hill with much of a load on our backs. But every sinner has a very heavy burden on his back. It contains all the sins he ever committed.

But one sin is *very* heavy. An angel is very strong. One night there lay about the city of Jerusalem an army of one hundred and eighty thousand men. Now such an army must

have been very strong, and indeed this very army had conquered city after city, and country after country, and they were determined to take Jerusalem. And the Jews were terribly frightened. King Hezekiah himself a very brave, good man, was in such distress that "he rent his clothes and covered himself with sackcloth," and went into the temple to pray. But God sent one angel down, and with his arm he mowed down all that army as easily as a farmer mows down grass with his scythe!

Now suppose the weight of one sin should be hung upon that angel, what do you suppose would happen? Why, if it were not quickly removed, it would drag him from the highest heaven to the deepest hell!

This you know actually happened to a large company of angels, and they are now evil spirits, "reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day."

And David was weighed down under such a burden when he cried, "mine iniquities are gone over my head, as an heavy burden, they are too heavy for me."

You thus see it is not wonderful if strugglers up this steep hill find it very hard to ascend. You will only wonder that any one ever attempts to climb, and much more that any one ever succeeds. And indeed this never could be were it not that Christ first takes away the guilt of sin, and then puts his arm around and helps the soul along.

Every one meets with many a fall, and some with terrible falls. David once got a good way up the hill, and he sat down on a grassy spot, and wrote and sang some beautiful songs. One of these begins thus, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." Can you find this song in the Bible?

But while sitting there Satan got him to commit some great sins, and he fell down with an awful crash, which almost killed him, and would have killed him, body and soul for ever, if Jesus had not put his strong arms under him and broken his fall. After he recovered a little, he crawled back, and then wrote a bitter lament, beginning thus, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according to the multi-

tude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions." Do you know where to find this song in the word of God?

Peter too, had a terrible fall, which cost him many a bitter tear, but by Christ's help he climbed up again.

Once there was a great, good man by the name of Thomas Cranmer, who was seized by wicked men at the command of the bloody Mary, because he loved the Lord Jesus, and shut up in prison for three years. And at length they prevailed upon the poor man to deny his faith and give up his religion. What a fall was there! But oh how he suffered when he thought of what he had done! And one day when they called upon him to speak to a great crowd of people and

say with his own lips that he had given up his religion, he looked over the assembly, and, with tears in his eyes, said, "The great thing which troubles my conscience more than any thing in my whole life is my denial of my religion."

And when they led him to the stake and had kindled the fires and made them blaze fiercely, he thrust into the fire the hand with which he had signed his denial of his Lord, and looking up to heaven cried, "This unworthy right hand—this unworthy right hand —Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

So every sin a Christian commits is a fall, and they commit sin every day. But hard as this hill is to climb, if you do not attempt it but stay where you are, you will be lost. But, first, you

want that big burden of guilt taken away. Be sorry for your sins and believe in Christ and love him, and he will remove it. Then you need help. And this you shall have. The angels will help you. "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" And your Christian friends, parents, Sabbath-school teachers and pastor, will put out their hands to help you, and they will pray for you. But better than all, Jesus Christ will help you! And his arm is very strong, and his heart is full of love.

Are you not now ready to say, "I will get me to the mountains?"

"Come to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruined by the fall;

Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died."

7. Then, from the mountain-sides and tops you see many things you could not see at the bottom, and almost every thing you see appears in a new and different light.

At the foot you see only a few objects and only a little way. But now you begin to climb, and after you become a little weary, you sit down to rest and look around. New scenes begin to open upon your view. After a while you set out again in your up-hill course, and the higher you go the more wide is the prospect spread out under your eye. At length, you turn round to take one good look, and what

a scene of beauty! At the foot of the hill lies a little village, its houses looking much smaller than they did when you were among them, and its streets like smooth, narrow paths. Yonder is a church steeple pointing up to heaven where Jesus sits at the right hand of God. Just beyond the town is a river winding along and lying like a great silver S on the plain. There is a bridge across the river, under which the boats, and across which the carriages and foot-passengers go. At the other end of the bridge is another village, farther off and smaller looking, and down one of its streets a wagon drawn by four horses that looks in the distance like a child's carriage drawn by dogs. Beyond this village the country spreads out in beautiful fields, dif-

fering in colour, according as they are just ploughed, or are covered with different kinds of grass or grain. Yonder is a beautiful hill on the sides of which you see flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. Altogether, the picture is one that no painter could paint with all his skill.

And now let us look from some high point on the hill of Religion.

Away over yonder is a great desert, dry and barren. No tree nor shrub appears to relieve the eye. Serpents crawl about among the rocks. Great, ugly birds hover above it. Across it, a mass of people are travelling, their feet in the burning sand, their faces scorched with the sun, hungering, thirsting and fainting—some of them are robbing others, some are quarrel-

ling, some are swearing, some are drinking and some are fighting and killing one another. It is the wilderness of Impenitence. "That great and terrible wilderness wherein are fiery serpents, and scorpions and drought." Deut. viii. 15. You who are now on this mountain, once lived in that wilderness, and as you look back, you should fall on your knees and thank God that by his grace you are where you now are.

In another direction you see the great field of heathenism. There are temples of all kinds and idols of every ugly shape and form; why do you suppose the heathen make such awfully ugly images when they wish to represent God? They must think God is an awful being. Why, if we

wanted a picture of Satan we could do no better than take a picture of one of their gods. And they are making their sacrifices. There are the people of Madagascar digging holes in the ground and burying their children alive. There are the New Zealanders killing, cooking and eating human beings. There is a Hindoo mother throwing her babe into the Ganges. There are others who have cut a hole in the tongue and drawn through the hole a live serpent which now hangs out of the mouth, they thinking in this way to please their gods. There are some who have held the right arm straight up in the air so long that it has become stiff, and they cannot put it down again as long as they live.

From this hill where you stand, you look and pity, and say, "From this time I will pray for those poor heathen, and I will give of my money to send the gospel to them, and perhaps God will let me go and try to lead them up this beautiful hill."

Turning the head we see the ocean, and hear the sound of the surf, as it dashes against the sandy or rocky shores. There is a pure, white light-house on the shore. And there is a wretched vessel, driven by the storm upon the rocks, right within view of that light-house! Every new breaker lifts it up as it comes, and when it rolls away lets it down with all its weight upon the rocks, crushing its timbers, letting in the waters, and shaking one and another of the passengers and

crew into the sea, to drown. O how those wretched men are crying out in their terror! But no one can get to them to help them now. It is too late! There was a light-house upon the shore, and if they had guided their vessel by it they would have been saved. But they were singing, and dancing, and drinking, and playing cards in the cabin, while their ship was gliding upon the rocks, and now they are all lost!

That sea is the sea of sin. That light-house is the Bible, and those rocks are the sinner's death-bed. If the sinner would only live according to the Bible, he would never come to such an awful death-bed. But he said, "O there is time enough yet! I will repent before I die." But God told

them many times that "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." But they paid no attention to this, and now they are forced to cry, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Now they know that there only remains for them "a fearful looking for of judgment which shall devour the adversary."

And as we look from our mountain rock upon the scene, our eyes fill with tears as we send up our thanks to God that we are not among those sinking, drowning men!

"O! had he not pitied the state we were in,
Our bosom his love had ne'er felt,
We all should have lived, should have died too in sin,
And sunk with the load of our guilt.

"'Twas all of his grace we were brought to obey,
While others were suffered to go
The road which by nature we chose as our way,
That leads to the regions of wo!"

But on this mountain we see other and more attractive things than these.

Yonder, along the sides of the hill, we see a long line of people climbing and climbing up, and some are gone by us up to higher points than we now occupy. And as they go we hear a thrilling chorus from their many voices, as they sing,

"The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

"Then let our songs abound,
Let every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high."

And here we see the Bible in a new light. It used to seem to us a very dry, uninteresting book. But oh how precious it seems to us now! There is the story of Jesus; how he lived and died; the story of the apostles; how they lived and laboured and loved; the story of the martyrs; how they suffered.

There are those sweet promises. "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness!"

Then there are those pictures of the judgment-day when Jesus will come and put his arms around us, and take us to his home. And those pictures of heaven, with its beautiful river,

flowing from the throne of God, and of the Lamb—the trees on either side of the river—yielding their fruit every month. Then there are those streets of gold, and walls of precious stones. Besides this is also that "great company which no man can number, of all kindreds, and people, and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb."

Children, let us get up into this mountain! And if you have begun to climb, press on. Climb hard! Climb high! The more faithful you are in your duties, the safer you will be, and the brighter the prospects that will lie before your eye.

8. There is another thing for which we are indebted to the mountains. It is from them our great rivers come.

What should we do without the rivers? Open your Atlas and find the map of Africa. Now look over the northern part from Cape Blanco through to the Persian Gulf. There you find an immense desert, nearly four thousand miles long, and perhaps five hundred miles wide. But right through this desert from north to south, just west of the Red Sea, runs Egypt, a long, narrow strip of territory, of great fertility and beauty. It has been called "Green Egypt." One writer calls it, "unutterably green."

Now, do you know what has clothed that strip of territory with such beauty? It is the river Nile. Away up in Ethiopia, twenty-three hundred miles, this river leaps out of the Lake Victoria Nyanza in a beautiful, sparkling

cascade. On it flows northward, other streams emptying into it, and as it flows along, trees, plants, flowers, and grasses spring up, and beautify its course. But for the Nile, Egypt would be as sandy and barren as the country on either side. And, like all other great rivers, the Nile is born in the mountains.

And Religion is a mountain from the springs in whose sides streams gush forth and come rolling down, making beautiful plants and flowers to spring up on every side, and where famishing souls quench their thirst.

When the beloved John painted a picture of heaven for us he made a magnificent river flow right through the midst of it. "And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as

crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." Rev. xxii. 1. When Isaiah calls us to religion he says, "Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."

Now, I have seen some people who were so thirsty for a drink of this water, that it seemed as if they could not live.

One time after preaching a sermon, I saw four little boys sitting on a seat right before me, and they were weeping as if their hearts would break. I spoke to them, and asked them to come with me into my study. There I found that they were thirsting after this water. So I told them to go to Jesus who, "in the last day, that great day of the feast, stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and

drink." John vii. 37. And not long after I led them to the communion table, where they ate of Christ's flesh and drank of his blood. Two of them became ministers, and one a missionary.

One evening a man, who had seldom thought about his soul, went to the prayer-meeting in Fulton street, New York. And a great and distressing thirst came upon him. He saw that he was a fearful sinner. He went home, but he could not sleep. He walked up and down the room, saying to himself, "O what a sinner I am. Twenty-five years ago to-night my mother went to heaven. She was a cheerful happy Christian—I am miserable—what a wretch have I been. Will this night ever wear

away! My mother's prayers! O my sweet blessed mother's prayers! There is her Bible. I have not opened it for years! What a guilty creature have I been! God of mercy save! Saviour of the perishing, save, or I perish!"

Here now is a thirsty man. If he do not drink of this stream he will die, and go down to that awful world where he will cry for ever for one drop of water to cool his parched tongue.

But he did drink of this stream; and the next day he went back to the same place, and during the noon-day prayer-meeting, he rose up and said, "I stand here to tell you that the Lord has put a new song into my mouth. I praise him with my whole

heart for what he has done for me. All I have and all I am I consecrate to Jesus my Saviour and my God. I love him with a love that is unutterable."

Along the banks of this stream, beautiful trees and plants spring up. You know what God calls those who love him. They shall be like trees planted by the rivers of water, that bring forth their fruit in their season; their leaf also shall not wither. Ps. i. 3. John, who leaned on Jesus' bosom, was one of those trees. Peter was another, and Paul, the great missionary apostle, was another.

God also calls his children lilies. "He feedeth among the lilies." And lilies grow along the water courses.

Did you ever read the life of Marion

Lyle Hurd? It is one of the books of our Board of Publication. It is a precious little volume. I never saw Marion, but I knew her sister very well, and learned from her many things about her. She was one of the many sweet lilies that have grown up on the banks of this stream.

She died when she was a little more than four years old. One time she said, "There are many mansions in heaven, and seats for the little children, and I shall sit in an angel's lap."

Once she said she should go to heaven as Elijah did, but her father told her, "No, we are very sinful, and we must be content with the lowest seat." She then said—

"I shall sit where I can see Jesus and praise his name."

"But you can see Jesus from the lowest seat."

"Well, if Jesus can be seen, it is enough."

Once she sat by her mother's side at the communion table, and while the bread was passing, she said—

"That bread is the body of Jesus Christ, and I want some of it."

"But it is not for you, it is for members of the church only."

"I love Christ," said she, "and I am a member of the church, and why can't I have some of it?"

While she was sick her mother asked her if she should be willing to die and leave her father and mother. She replied,

"I think I should if Christ calls me."

"Who will you see in heaven?"

"I shall see Jesus Christ. He is in heaven."

And not long after Jesus came down and gathered this lily and planted it on the banks of the pure river of water of life.

And when the waters of this river pour through a family it is wonderful what delightful changes are sometimes produced.

There was once a woman who had several children and a drunken husband. He spent nearly all his money during the week, and what remained he spent on Sabbath, at the ale-house, drinking and gambling. When he came home his own children were afraid of him, and if he saw one of them reading a Bible he would curse and

swear so that they all trembled to hear him.

One Sabbath he drank and gambled all day until he lost every cent he had, and in the evening he started up to go home, when his companions called him back to play one game more.

"But," said he, "I can't play any more; my money is all gone."

So he set out for home, thinking that he would go to the kitchen closet, and get the money that was laid up there to pay the month's rent, which was due the next day, and with it perhaps he might win back what he had lost.

He entered his house, and while he was feeling about for the money, he thought he heard sobs and a voice speaking. He listened. It was his.

little daughter Hannah, praying for her "dear father!"

Oh how he felt! He crawled away to his bed-room and kneeled down, and in his heart cried for mercy.

After a while he went down into the room where Hannah was. She was frightened when she saw him. For years he had not been home on a Sabbath evening. At length she said,

"Dear father, mother will be so glad to see you when she comes from church. You won't go out again to-night, will you?"

"No, dear," said he.

She was so surprised to hear him speak so kindly that she said, loud enough for him to hear her, "Father called me dear."

When the mother came home she was filled with wonder to see her husband there. By and by Hannah said, "Would you like to have me read, father?"

"Yes," said he. "Read something from your prize book." He meant the Bible which she had got at Sabbath-school, but he did not like to name the book.

So she read the 51st Psalm. And while she read the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he said to himself, "God must have led her to read that chapter."

After a while Hannah went to bed, and he kissed her good-night. As soon as he could speak he said to his wife,

"My dear, I am never going to drink any more."

THE 51ST PSALM. Page 76.

She jumped up, ran to him, threw her arms about his neck, and there they wept together for a long time. By and by they knelt down together, and she prayed for him with all her soul, and from that hour that family was a happy Christian family. Such sweet lovely gardens does the stream from Zion's hill make even out of a drunkard's dreary, desolate household.

This is just what the Bible says. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose!"

9. Once more, our cool refreshing breezes come down from the mountains.

Did you never on a very hot day

as the sun was going down, put your head out of the window, and feel a deliciously cool breeze blowing upon your forehead? Now these breezes come from the deep shady recesses, and lofty tops of the mountains. A stone is heavier than water, and hence it goes right to the bottom, crowding the water out of the way, as it goes. So cool air is heavier than warm air, and crowding the warm air out of the way it comes rolling down from the mountains.

But for the mountains we should miss most of those sweet air-currents that so refresh the more level country, and sweep away the poisons which often abound in the atmosphere we breathe.

Now, the most delicious breezes

that ever fanned the brow of man come down from Zion's sides. Sometimes they come blowing along as gently as an angel's breath, and sometimes they come like a resistless tornado!

I have seen a little boy trying to sail his boat upon a little lake or pond. But there was no wind. The boat would not stir. But after a time there would come a little puff of wind covering the lake with ripples, and making the little boat glide along beautifully over the water.

Just so a child will sometimes go into the closet to pray. But the mind is full of play. The heart does not feel, and it all seems like a mockery. But just as he kneels and clasps his hands the Spirit of God waves his

wing over that young soul, and the heart beats warmly, and the tear starts into the eye, and that young suppliant enjoys a sweet season of communion with God.

I was once out at sea in a ship. We had been twice as long on our voyage as we expected to be. It was mid-winter. And one evening just as the sun was setting, our vessel came within sight of the highlands, along which we were to sail into the harbour. The passengers went to their state-rooms, to prepare to go on shore, and when we came up on deck again, what was our disappointment to find that the wind had all died away, and there we lay on a December evening with the prospect of spending another night at sea. And

we all knew that it was quite likely that before the morning came, a north-west wind might break upon us and drive us again far out to sea.

But just when we were giving up all hope God sent a gentle puff of wind and moved us up right into the mouth of the harbour, and we were safe!

Just so I have known a sinner to be almost ready to decide for Christ. And yet there he waited. He did not feel as if he could come quite yet. Now if he staid from Christ another day some bad influences might draw him away, and he might lose his soul. This was, we suppose, the case with Felix. He trembled while Paul preached. But he could

not come yet, and so he said, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." And his soul we fear was lost.

But with others there comes the little puff of wind from heaven and blows the soul right up under the Rock of Ages, and he is safe! This puff of wind may be a kind word from some friend, or it may be a thought in the mind, awakened by the Spirit of God, or it may be the taking up of a tract, or the lighting of the eye on a text of Scripture.

Once I announced from the pulpit, that we would have preaching every evening that week, and I invited all who wished to be saved, to come to those meetings.

A young girl in the congregation said to herself, "Oh dear, what shall I do! I will not attend those dreary meetings. But Monday evening I will spend in visiting this friend, and Tuesday evening in visiting that one." And she soon had a plan laid for the whole week.

On Monday evening, however, a friend happened to pass her, and stopping a moment asked her, "M—— won't you go to meeting with me to-night?" She started, hesitated and consented. Now this puff of heavenly wind saved her soul!

But sometimes this wind blows with great power! A great many years ago a company of Christians were assembled for prayer. And while they were together, "Sud-

denly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house." And that day three thousand souls were converted!

A good many years after that, two or three great ladies were travelling in a carriage, through a certain part of Scotland, when their carriage broke down not far from the house of a minister. He came out and very kindly assisted them. After some days they sent him word that they wished to build him a new parsonage, which they did. Then he felt so grateful that he sent them word, that he wished to show his gratitude to them in some way, and asked how he could do it. They replied that if he would write to ministers

and Christian people as many as he could, to meet at his church and there celebrate the Lord's supper, they should feel abundantly compensated.

As it was a time of persecution this had to be done very quietly; but he did it; and a very large company assembled. All enjoyed this communion Sabbath so much, that they determined to stay and have preaching on Monday; and they asked a young minister named John Livingston to preach. He thought that he could not before so many people, and on so solemn an occasion. But at length he consented; and while he was preaching, the Spirit of God came down like a mighty wind, and about five hundred souls were converted on that day!

Oh these reviving breezes are very refreshing, and very precious, and they come down from the tops and clefts of the sunny mountain! And we may say of them as the poet has so beautifully said of the evening wind:

"The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains, to allow
Thy visit grateful to his burning brow."

So true is it, that Religion is a mountain, a sunny mountain. But some people never come to it. And some climb only a little way up; and hence they are often surrounded with clouds, and thus almost lose their

way. Then they fear that they have got back again to the plain, and that after all they may be lost. Then they sit down in sorrow and sing,

"'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no,
Am I his or am I not?

"If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do.
You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?"

But others climb higher by prayer, by reading the word of God, by doing whatever their hands find to do with their might. And they sing, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that I have committed unto him against that day."

"Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode,
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road."

TABOR.

Go and draw toward

MOUNT TABOR.

Judges iv 6.

TABOR.

GREAT mountains generally have several peaks that shoot up from the main body. And I think we have talked long enough about our Sunny Mount, to ask whether it has not some peaks also.

Indeed it has a great many, but we will confine our attention to three, which we will call Tabor, Carmel and Pisgah.

Lucy. "But there is a real mountain called Tabor, is there not? I'm sure I have heard or read that name somewhere."

Harold. "Yes, that is one of the

Bible mountains. We had a Sabbath-school lesson about it the other Sabbath."

Willy. "Well, I'm sure I never heard about any such mountain."

Yes. Harold is right. It is one of the Bible mountains. Have you a map of Palestine?

Harold. "There is one in this Bible. And I always like to see where places are that I read or hear about, for then I seem to remember better what is said about them."

That, Harold, is very true. Our eyes are great helps to our memory. And one reason why much that some people read runs through their minds like water through a sieve, is that they use their eyes so little as a help to the memory.

And if, whenever you read of an event of any importance, you will take the trouble to find the place on the map where that event occurred, you will fix it much more firmly in your mind. And let me now advise you all, whenever you read history, to do it with a map before you.

Lucy. "But that is so much trouble."

Yes, it costs sometimes a little effort, but in the end it saves time and trouble. When you reach heaven you will learn without trouble, but not before.

Well, here is the map. Now find the sea of Galilee.

Harold. "Here it is in the northern part of Palestine."

Now put your finger on the most

southern part of it. Now run it down the river Jordan about four miles. That is it. Now move it westward about three times as far, and you will come to it.

Harold. "Yes, I have it. It seems to stand all alone."

Yes, it does stand all alone. It rises abruptly out of the plain, the great and beautiful plain of Esdraelon, or Jezreel. At a distance from some points, it looks as if it were perfectly round, growing smaller and smaller toward the top. But instead of coming to a point, it seems rounded off into a dome as if a huge globe had been cut in two and one half set upon it. It is about five times as high as the tallest church steeple in the city of Philadelphia.

"Dear me," exclaims Eva. "I should think it would touch the sky!"

Oh no. This would only be about thirteen hundred feet high, and there are mountains in the world higher than Tabor would be, if seventeen more like it were piled one upon another, and then Tabor set upon the top of them.

The sides of Tabor are, at the proper season, clothed with grass and shrubs and flowering bushes, and vines and large trees. The Syringa or mock-orange with its white blossom abounds there.

Harold. "I should think there must be a fine view from the top of a mount thirteen hundred feet high, and standing all alone in a plain."

Yes, from various points on the top of Tabor there are magnificent views. To the north-east looking away about fifteen miles and down about twenty-five hundred feet, you see the surface of the sea of Galilee, lying there like a molten looking-glass. Then running your eye southward you may see the river Jordan, winding along like a great silver serpent with a green fringe on each side of him. Away to the west you see a dark blue line, which is the Mediterranean Sea. Nearer you than these, are other mountains of various sizes. Eight miles westward, among the hills, sits Nazareth, where Jesus spent some thirty years of his life. Southward, you may see Endor, where the witch lived whom King Saul asked to call up

Samuel from the grave. Westward from Endor is another little village, "clinging to the hill-sides," where Jesus raised the widow's son from the dead. Between you and all these, lies the beautiful plain spread out on all sides. Yonder is a field just ploughed, and it is red. Yonder is one covered with ripe grain, and it is yellow. Yonder is one where the new grass is springing up, and it is green. And, altogether, the ground looks as if it were a beautiful piece of patch-work. And then over all is the beautiful blue sky, bending down and seeming to rest on the tops of the distant hills.

Standing there on Tabor's top, and opening your Bible at the 89th Psalm, you might read, beginning at the 11th verse,

"The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine;
The world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them.
The north and the south, thou hast created them;
Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name."

Lucy. "Well I have often wished for wings, and now if I had a pair like an angel's, I think I would kiss father and mother, and brothers and sister good bye, and fly right over the Atlantic Ocean, and over the Mediterranean Sea, and light upon the top of Tabor, and take one good look over that beautiful scene, and then fly home and tell you all I saw!"

Well, Lucy, if you really love the Saviour, as I hope you do, you shall one of these days obtain a pair of wings, and fly up to the heavenly Jerusalem, and standing on its walls you

shall see more beautiful things than these!

But, now we will suppose ourselves about a year before Jesus was crucified, sitting under the shade of a broad-spreading fig-tree, just at the eastern foot of Mount Tabor, and looking up the steep winding path that leads to its top.

Now look. There are four men slowly walking up that path. They are nearly of the same age, but one is evidently the leader of the little band. Next to him comes one by the name of Peter, with a sharp dark eye, and a quick step, as if he would like to move on a good deal faster. The next one is John, his face full of trust and love. The last is James, the brother of John.

Willy. "What are they going up the hill for?"

To see Jesus transfigured.

Willy. "Transfigured? What does that mean?

Turn to the seventeenth of Matthew and then to the ninth of Mark, and then to the ninth of Luke, and you may read all about it.

Harold. "But I do not see Tabor mentioned in the account of the Transfiguration. In Matthew and Mark, it says, "A high mountain apart." And in Luke, it says simply a mountain. Where does it say that this mountain was Tabor?"

Well, Harold, the truth is, that we do not know, nobody knows what mountain it was, on which Jesus was transfigured. Some think it was Tabor,

and some think it was a mountain far away from Tabor.

Read Matthew xvi. 13, in connexion with Matthew xvii. 1, and you will see that six, or as Luke says, "about eight," days before the transfiguration Jesus was at or near Cesarea Philippi. And this you will find on your maps, some distance to the north of the Sea of Galilee.

Lucy. "Well, how far was it from Cesarea Philippi to Mount Tabor?"

By measurement upon the map it seems to have been about forty miles.

Harold. They could easily have come that distance in six or eight days.

Yes. And then Mark says, (ix. 30–33) that after the transfiguration Jesus passed through Galilee and

came to Capernaum. And this agrees very well with his having been at Mount Tabor.

Eva. "Why did Jesus take these three with him, and not the rest of the disciples?"

Well perhaps it was partly for these reasons.

He took Peter, for he knew that Peter would become very much frightened, when he found that his master was seized by wicked men, and dragged away to be abused and spit upon and crucified, and would falsely and profanely deny that master. And he knew that Peter would be very much distressed at what he had said and done. But in his distress he would think, "well, Jesus knew what I would do, and yet he took me with

him up the Mount of Transfiguration to show me his glory. I am sure therefore that he will forgive me."

Eva. "But why did he take James and John? They were not going to deny him."

No. But James was to be the very first of the twelve to be killed for his love of Jesus. You may see who did this wicked and cruel deed, if you turn to Acts xii. 1–21.

And it seems to me very natural that Jesus should take with him now, the one that was so soon to die for him.

And John was to be the last of all the apostles to die for him. He was to live till he was nearly a hundred years old. And during that time he was to suffer much persecution and sorrow. But all through those sad

weary years, he could carry with him the recollection of what he saw on the top of Tabor.

Now let us watch them as they ascend and see what happens. When they become weary they stop and look down the mount, and around upon the country. Then they turn again, and up, up, they go until they reach the very top. There, on the edge of the mount, is a flat projecting rock covered with grass, and Jesus goes to it and stops, and all the rest gather round him, wondering what he brought them up there for.

And see now! Jesus is lifting up his hands, and turning up his face to heaven, to pray!

And see what takes place. "And as he prayed, the fashion of his coun-

tenance was altered, and his face did shine as the sun. And his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can white them. And behold there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias, who appeared in glory."

Now, Harold, I want you to tell me what three changes took place while Jesus was praying.

"First, the face of Jesus became very bright, his clothes became very white, and two more persons joined them, So that now instead of the four that we saw going up the hill, there are six."

Very well. I have already told you that religion was a mountain, and I now tell you that it is a mount Tabor, a mount of Transfiguration. Every

body that becomes religious is transfigured. His face becomes changed, his garments become white and beautiful, and spirits from another world come to talk and stay with them.

First. The fashion of the countenance is changed.

Lucy. "Well, this is very strange. I have seen a good many people join the church, and I do not see that they look different from what they did before."

Perhaps so, but I did not say that every one who joins the church was transfigured, for some people join the church who have no religion.

But if true religion finds its way into the heart it always changes the countenance.

The face is a window out of which

the soul looks, and did you never see the face suddenly and greatly change when the feelings of the heart changed?

A little boy spent a good deal of time making a boat. He carved it out and made it hollow. He fastened a strip of lead on the bottom for a keel so that it would not easily upset. He made a rudder to steer with, then he put in a mast and hung a sail upon it. And then his mother said that he might take his sister with him and go down to a little pond and see how it would sail. And it sailed finely! After playing a while, he fastened it by a string to a little bush growing on the shore, and left it.

In the afternoon a little boy with whom he was acquainted, came running through the yard and calling,

"Tom, Tom! What do you think? Bill Ugly went down to the pond and found your boat there, and he broke the rudder, and tore off the sails, and pushed it away out into the pond."

Now look at Tom's face! See how he frowns! See his fist doubled up! Isn't his face changed? His soul is shining through, and you see that it is full of anger and revenge.

Just as when you take a stick and stir up the water in a spring, and make it all foul and dark so that no body can drink it, so this conduct of Bill Ugly has stirred up Tom's soul, and oh, how dark and repulsive it is. And you see it all in his face.

But who is that coming through the gate?

Why that is Tom's father. He has

been away a week on a journey and he has just returned.

What is that in his hand?

It is a bundle of something or other. And as he comes in and kisses them all he calls Julia, Tom's sister, and says,

"Here, Julia, is something for you." Julia leaps to him, takes it, and begins to untie the string, and all gather round to see what it can be. Fold after fold of the wrapper comes off, and, at length, lo! a beautiful doll! Oh, what a beauty! Blue, rolling eyes, rich, long golden curls, and such a face, and hands and feet!

Now look at Julia's face. Why it is as bright as the morning star! How her eyes sparkle! How glad

she looks! Don't you see how her face is changed? And what has changed it? Why her soul, full of gladness, is shining through.

So it is. Very few people can keep the soul from showing itself in the face.

Some people always feel cross. Everything seems to go wrong with them. They don't like any body or any thing. They are always finding fault with somebody or something. It always rains when they want fair weather, and it is always fair when they want it to rain. People are sure to call when they don't want them to, and sure not to call when expected. The church is always too cold or too hot. Their thread is always getting into a snarl, and the tailor, or milli-

ner or shoemaker never makes any thing to fit.

Now the faces of such people are almost always like sour milk. They always look as if they had just bitten a very sour apple, or taken a mouthful of grated horse-radish by mistake.

Then there are people whose temper is always smooth and kindly. If it rains when they would prefer fair weather, they say, "well, God makes it rain, and he knows what is best, and I have no doubt there are many people very glad to see this rain." If the thread becomes entangled, they go quietly and patiently to work and disentangle it. And so everything goes along like a sleigh over the snow with no other sound but the merry jingle of the bells.

Now such people have faces that you love to look at. They are like sunshine in a family.

Thus it is. The soul will shine through the face.

Some people think they can be as wicked as they please if they only sin in secret. Some young men never use profane language, except among their wicked companions, and they think that nobody else knows any thing about it. They do not know that this awful sin has an effect upon all their manners, making them coarse, and unrefined and ungentle. Some think that if they only become intoxicated at night that very few will find it out. They do not know that in all their sins the fashion of their countenance is becoming changed. But it is, and

the wicked, profligate young man is all the time writing it upon his forehead where everybody can read it, "I am profane, profligate and intemperate."

Now if God has made the soul so that it will shine through the face, you may be sure that religion in the heart is no exception to the rule.

Once there was a great revival of religion. People came together in such crowds to hear the word of God, that no house would hold them, so they met in an orchard. A large platform was erected under a large apple-tree for a pulpit, and the people gathered around it like a great sea round an island.

One morning just as they were going to begin service the preacher

looked over the congregation and saw a man whom he had seen before in attendance at the meetings. Turning to one near him, the preacher said, "That man is converted."

Now, how did he know this? Why the fashion of the man's countenance was changed. Yesterday he looked so sad, so distressed, and now his countenance is full of joy! Since yesterday his sins had rolled away, and peace that flowed like a river, now filled his soul.

Yonder is a ship at sea hundreds of miles away from land. There are men, women and children, on board, and they are very happy. The sky is bright. The wind is fair. Some are reading, some are talking, some are singing. The children are play-

ing. But suddenly a terrible excitement springs up. The captain is calling loudly, the sailors are running here and there. Every one asks, "what is it, what is the matter?" Presently a gentleman comes into the cabin, his face pale as death, and as soon as he can speak he says, "The ship is on fire!"

O what horror is depicted on all those faces, but a moment before lighted up with such calm delight!

Just so, I have seen the countenances of people change when they found out that they were sinners! One sin will destroy a soul in hell, if it be not taken away. And here is one who has just found out that his sins are more than the stars of heaven, and he has no hope!

One evening a ring at the door-bell brought me a message that a lady wished to see me. A day or two before I had seen her, and her face was as bright and cheerful as yours is now. But now I found that face the picture of despair. She was lying on a couch, exclaiming, "Oh I am lost, for ever lost! Do pray for my wretched soul."

Now, when Jesus comes down and takes away this sorrow from the soul, and shows it how ready he is to forgive, do you not suppose that the fashion of the countenance will be greatly changed?

Years ago in Switzerland a vast mass of snow and ice slid from the high mountain top, and stopped far up its sides in a little valley through which a stream was flowing, and there

dammed up the waters. And thus a lake was formed on the upper side of this snowy mass.

Down that valley there were many houses and barns. But the people did not know that any danger was near. But one day in June the ice gave way under the ever increasing pressure of the waters, and down came the whole mass, destroying in one hour about forty houses, and killing a great many people!

Some time after this Dr. Malan of Geneva, walking through this desolated valley, came upon an aged woman sitting there. Her last surviving son had perished in that awful catastrophe. He said to her,

"Well, poor woman, I hope your soul is prepared to meet your God."

"No, sir, I fear it is not."

"Do you desire to be saved?"

"Oh yes, I do desire to be saved, but I know not how."

"I can tell you what you ought to do, how you may be delivered from sin, and assured of admission to heaven."

"Ah sir! pity me! pity my gray hairs. The grave is ready to receive me."

"Christ alone is able to deliver you. He is able. He is willing. He came into the world to save sinners."

"But will he, can he, receive such a vile creature as I am?"

"Do you think that he is less ready to receive you, than others?

"Mr. I am not worthy!"

"But when a free pardon is offered there is no question about what we deserve!"

"What! is it possible that the Saviour can receive and pardon me?"

"Why not you, when he says, 'Whosoever will let him take the water of life freely?'"

"Is it possible? Did he die for me? For my sins, for mine!"

She was silent for some minutes. At length she clasped her hands, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Then I am saved! The Saviour died for my sins, though I knew it not! Oh blessed news!"

She leaned forward, and rested her head upon her hands. Tears trickled down her arms and fell upon her garments, as she uttered, "Then Christ

is become my ransom! Oh my God thou hast had compassion upon me, aged and wretched as I am. Oh what love, what exceeding love!"

Thus was the fashion of her countenance changed!

Yes, and the countenance goes on changing. If one has been for twenty years a consistent loving Christian I think you will always be able to see it in the face. The soul is now at peace with God. Every day it talks with God. The soul is full of thought of God and Christ and heaven. The soul is growing more and more like God.

When Moses came down from talking with God on the mount, his face shone so that the people could hardly look upon it. Ex. xxxiv. 29–33.

And we read in Acts vi. 15, that Stephen's face when he was before the council that condemned him was bright as that of an angel.

Children, I hope and pray that if the fashion of your countenance has not yet been changed that it soon may be!

Lucy. "But what about the garments? Do they become changed too?"

Eva. "I guess not. For I saw a woman the other day, and mother said she was a very good Christian, and her clothes were very coarse and poor."

Well, Miss Eva, we will examine this matter. Christ's garments in the transfiguration became very white and beautiful. You have seen the clouds of a summer afternoon piled up in

soft beautiful-looking masses, white as the driven snow, only warmer-looking. Well, so white are the robes of Jesus as we see them on the mount.

Now what kind of robes do we wear before we come to Christ? God says of us, Isa. lxiv. 6; "We are all as an unclean thing. All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." Now if our righteousnesses are in God's sight as filthy rags, what must our sins be in his sight!

When the Prodigal Son came home to his father from that far off country where he had been sent into the fields to feed swine, what sort of clothing do you suppose he had on him? We judge what they looked like, by what the father said as soon as he wiped

away his tears and took one good look at him. "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him."

Take your Bible now, and find the third chapter of Zechariah, and Harold, you read from the third verse.

"Now Joshua was clothed with filthy garments, and stood before the angel. And he answered and spake unto those that stood before him, saying, 'Take away the filthy garments from him.' And unto him he said, 'Behold I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment.' And I said, 'Let them set a fair mitre upon his head. So they set a fair mitre upon his head, and clothed him with garments.'"

Very well. You see that God re-

presents the taking away of sin, by the taking away of filthy garments.

Now to see what kind of clothes they wear in heaven, turn to Revelation vii. 13, 14, and read,

"What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

A child who read this passage once exclaimed, "What strange blood this of Jesus is! most blood makes red, but his blood makes white."

And in Revelation xix. 8 it is said that fine white linen "is the righteousness of saints."

Willy. "But still I do not understand how this is."

Well, I will tell you. Here is a family we will suppose of sisters. But, sometimes, little girls are naughty and disobedient. So the mother keeps what she calls a "naughty robe." It is an old, torn, ugly dress, and not over clean, and the rule in that family is that when one of the children forgets herself and misbehaves, this naughty robe is put on her, and while she wears it her mother will not kiss her, will not speak to her, nor even look at her.

Now this is just the way with sinners that have not repented nor been forgiven. Their sins are all on them, and God says, "he cannot look on sin." "God is angry with the wicked every day." God will not look on, nor speak to, nor kiss them.

Well, one of these little girls has been very naughty, and the naughty robe is put on her to wear for a whole day. All day long her mother will not look at, will not speak to, will not come near her. And she thinks it a very long day. Noon comes, and it seems as if it never would be night. "Oh," the little culprit says, "if mother would only give me one kind look, or speak one kind word, I could bear the robe a few hours more."

But now one of her sisters, who has a sweet, amiable, sympathizing disposition, begins to pity her very much. So she goes to her mother, and asks, "Mother, may I go and take that naughty robe from sister, and wear it myself the rest of the day. I don't like to see her wearing it so long."

The mother is very glad to see this child showing so amiable and unselfish a disposition, and so she says, "Yes, if your sister is willing."

Then she goes to her sister, and begs her to change dresses with her. "Mother is willing," she says, "and I shall be happier to stand in your place than to look on and see you wearing this robe so long."

At length the guilty sister consents, and they exchange robes. And now the mother averts her face from the innocent one, and takes the guilty one in her arms, and kisses her, and treats her just as if she had never worn the naughty robe.

Just so it is with Jesus and our sins. The ugly, filthy robe is upon us. But Jesus comes and takes it

from us and puts it upon himself, and puts the beautiful robe of his righteousness upon us.

And God does not object. No indeed! He sent his Son into the world for this very purpose. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." And Paul says that he cared for nothing in the world so much as to be found in Christ, "not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ."

And now God treats Christ just as if he were a sinner. "He put him to grief." He hides his face from him until Christ cries out in agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

But what does God do with us?

Why he "freely pardons all our sins and accepts us as righteous in his sight only for the righteousness of Christ imputed to us and received by faith alone."

Then he adopts us into his family, and gives us right to all the privileges of the sons of God. That is, God treats us just as if we were not and had not been sinners.

And how ought this make us feel towards God and Christ?

Let us go back to those little girls. The one who has been set free is, for a time, very glad, but by and by she begins to think of her sister. And she says to herself, "Is she not the kindest sister that ever lived to treat me so? She is innocent and I am guilty, yet she takes that robe on her

as if she was the guilty one, and sets me free as if I were the innocent one."

So she loves that sister more than ever, and she resolves that whenever she has an opportunity she will do whatever she can to show her love. And she loves her mother more than ever. For her mother not only permitted her sister to relieve her, but she was so kind to her and treated her just as if she had not been naughty.

Now children this is just the way in religion. When we think of what Christ has done for us, what awful sufferings he endured for us, we say in our souls, "Well now if I only knew what he wishes me to do for him, how gladly will I go and do it. If he says, "Do this in remembrance of

me," I will go to the communion table and there eat and drink in remembrance of him. If he wishes me to pray every day, I will do it. If he wishes me to read the Bible, I will do it. Any thing—any thing he wishes me to do I will do it.

And we love God more. For he sent Jesus to us, and, oh, how kindly he deals with us when Christ delivers us. He smiles on us, and blesses us, and offers us such a glorious heaven.

But one thing more happened on the Mount of Transfiguration. Bright beings from another world, appeared and talked with Jesus, while his garments were so white, and his face so bright. And bright beings from the heavenly world come to and stay with all who have their robes washed

and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

Eva. "But people don't come from the dead to be with those that love Christ, do they? My mother loves Christ, but I never saw any such people talking with her."

But don't you know that evil spirits from the dark world come to us while we are sinners, and help to make and keep us bad, to make us think bad thoughts, and entertain bad feelings, and do bad things.

Willy. "Do bad people when they die ever come back to make other people bad?"

No, bad people when they die go to their own place, and there they stay. Judas, when he hung himself, went to his own place. And I do not think

that Judas has ever been allowed to come back into this world to lead any others to betray Christ with a kiss.

And good people when they die, "pass immediately into glory," and there they stay until the resurrection.

> "They have no share in all that's done
> Beneath the circuit of the sun."

Harold. "But good people do sometimes come back into this world, do they not?"

Yes. Sometimes God sends their spirits back, as he did Samuel, and Moses, and Elijah.

Harold. "But do not some people say that the spirits of the dead can be called back to make known to us something about their condition in the other world?"

Yes, some people say so. And they pretend to call back the dead whenever they please. In all ages of the world there have been what are called necromancers who pretend to have intercourse with the dead. But the Bible says that this is a very great sin.

In Deuteronomy xviii. 11, God speaks of a class of people called necromancers. And the Hebrew words which are translated "necromancers" mean "seekers to the dead." And in the twelfth verse it is said, "all that do such things are an abomination to the Lord." So that all who call back the dead are an abomination to the Lord. And God often punishes such people very severely. He often takes away their reason. And in our

lunatic asylums are many who have become insane by this great sin. And I hope you will never take any part in any such wicked doings, and I hope you will tell all you meet with, and who do such things, that they are in great danger either of becoming mad, and going to the lunatic asylum, or of suffering some other fearful judgment of God."

Lucy. "But if there are evil spirits in the world and good spirits too, what are they if they are not the spirits of those who have lived on the earth?"

The good spirits are angels from heaven, and the evil spirits are fallen angels from the world of darkness. And angels you know are a very different class of beings from

those who live and die in this world.

Now these evil spirits are always about us. One is Satan, the great leader of all bad spirits, and the others his servants, who do his will. The hell to which the wicked go, was prepared for the "devil and his angels."

This explains a good many strange things we see in the world. Do you suppose people could be so bad and so foolish as they are, if they were not helped by evil spirits?

Here is a man who is just forming the habit of dram-drinking. Now he knows whither the path leads that he is treading. He knows that it leads to dishonour, poverty, wretchedness, delirium tremens, or the drunkard's madness, and to a drunkard's death,

and what is so awful, a drunkard's eternity. Do you think that any man could go such a course, unless he was helped along and led along by evil spirits?

Besides, as he goes along toward the dram shop, he hears a scream. And looking up he sees what I saw one evening.

Eva. "What was that? Tell us."

Why I saw a Christian mother with her sons and daughters out upon the side-walk. And just in the door I saw the father in an awful fit of intoxication, stamping, and swearing, and shaking his fists, and declaring that he would kill his wife and children if they came in again!

Now, the man on his way to the dram shop sees and hears this, and he

there sees what he will come to, if he goes on his present way. What then but evil spirits blinding his mind and dragging him on could keep him from turning round and saying, "By the help of God I will never drink another glass."

But he goes on and enters the shop, and what does he see? Why, sitting around, are men who once were sober, honest, and industrious, and now they are in rags, their eyes are bloodshot, their faces are bloated, their noses are red and swollen, their lips are parched and cracked, and their conversation is vulgar, obscene and silly. Now what but evil spirits could keep that man from rushing out of that shop where such creatures as these are made out of men?

But he goes up to the counter and asks for a glass of rum, and see now the man that hands it to him. He too is a wreck of a man, and when he pours out the poison for this one to drink, his hand trembles so that he spills it over the counter.

Thus the evil spirits drag this poor man on to the drunkard's doom!

In a town in Connecticut, years ago, there was a powerful revival of religion. A young woman was alarmed on account of her sins. She wept and prayed, and those who knew her thought that she would soon be a happy Christian.

But just in the midst of this, some one begged her to turn aside from seeking religion and go off on a wild pleasure excursion. Now certainly some de-

mon sent that invitation, and induced her to accept it. She went, and two or three days after, a friend visited her, and found her lying upon her bed, screaming, "I have sold my soul! I have grieved the Spirit! I have sold my birthright! I am lost—I am lost!"

When Eve was looking at the apples on the tree of knowledge of good and evil, it was Satan who said to her, "Ye shall not surely die. For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened; and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." And thus he induced her to commit the sin that brought "death into this world and all our woe." Gen. iii. 1—5.

And when Jezebel had Naboth the

Jezreelite stoned to death, she was led on by devils to do that awful work. 1 Kings xxi.

And when Judas betrayed his Master, and when Peter derided him, and when the Jews cried, crucify him! crucify him, and when Felix said, "Go thy way for this time, and when I have a convenient season I will call for thee," and when persecutors burned Christian martyrs, you may be sure that evil spirits urged them on.

Harold. "Well this is awful. I did not know that wicked spirits had so much to do with men. I am sure I would not let them lead me on that way."

Well, I trust not. But let me tell you that Satan and his angels destroy

more during childhood than during any other period of life.

Sometimes they whisper, "There is no need of haste in attending to this matter of religion. There is time enough yet." Then they say,

"Oh, you are not a great sinner. You never did anybody any harm." Then they say, "You are too young to think about those things." Sometimes they say, "There is no harm in going out for a walk or a drive on the Sabbath. There is no harm in this or that," when all good people and their own consciences tell them that in so doing they may lose their precious souls.

Thus these evil spirits, with Satan for their guide, are all the time killing souls.

Now if God sees us surrounded by these demons seeking to ruin our souls, do you suppose he would forbid good spirits from helping us? In Hebrews, i. 6—14, you may see that all the angels love Christ and are employed to watch over and help along those whom Jesus loves.

Turn also to the thirty-fourth Psalm and you find them spoken of as watching over us while we sleep.

"He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell.
What ills their heavenly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell."

Then in the ninety-first Psalm you may find out more about them.

"He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways,
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

"Their hands shall bear you lest you fall,
And dash against the stones.
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent to guard his sons?"

Now, is not this delightful to think of? When we sleep and when we wake, when at home or when abroad, on the land or on the sea, or flying along in a rail-way car, in sickness and in health, the angels are always with us. They whisper good thoughts in our minds. They keep dangers away. They assist in our devotions, and, what is very precious to bear in mind, when we die, and our souls are just setting out from earth to heaven, the angels are with us to bear us along the untried way up to the Saviour's throne. Luke xvi. 22.

And if evil spirits whispered to

Felix to send Paul and Christ away for a more convenient season, no doubt the angels whisper in the ears of souls who are almost persuaded, "Now, now is the time!" and thus many a soul is saved.

And you know how glad they are when the sinner casts himself at Jesus's feet, and says,

"I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High as a mountain rose.
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try.
For if I stay away I know
I must for ever die."

"Likewise I say unto you there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Luke xv. 10.

Now, children, is it not very true that religion is a Tabor—a mount of Transfiguration, where the fashion of the countenance is changed, where the garments become white and beautiful, and where spirits from another world come down to talk and stay with us?

"GO AND DRAW TOWARD

MOUNT TABOR!"

CARMEL.

147

Gather to Me all Israel unto

MOUNT CARMEL.

1 Kings xviii. 19.

CARMEL.

LET us now leave mount Tabor and visit Mount Carmel.

Harold. "Where is Mount Carmel?"

Open again to the map of Palestine. Now put your finger on Tabor, and move it westward toward the sea.

Harold. "Here it is! How far is it from the foot of Tabor to the foot of Carmel?"

I suppose about fifteen miles. Between them lies a portion of the beautiful plain of Esdraelon.

The point of Carmel that we reach in going westward from Tabor is its

south-eastern end. From this point it reaches about twelve miles to its north-western end, which runs right out into the Mediterranean Sea.

Lucy. "Is it a high mountain?"

Yes, it is considerably higher than Tabor, in its highest part. Its south-eastern end is about sixteen hundred feet high, its north-western end about six hundred feet, and nearly midway between these two points it rises to the height of some seventeen hundred feet.

Willy. "Is it easy to climb?"

That depends upon the point at which you make the attempt. All along on its northern side it is very steep; from some points so steep that if you should fall off, you would take a dive into the river Kishon, which

runs along its base. But if you ascend from the plain of Sharon, on the southern side, you could climb up without difficulty, stopping now and then to take a rest. Its south-eastern end is more steep than the southern, and less so than the northern side.

Harold. "What does the name Carmel mean?"

It means "the Park" or "the Grove."

Lucy. "Then it must have trees and flowers on its sides and top."

Yes it has. Isaiah alludes to this when he writes of the "excellency of Carmel." xxxvi. 2. A lady who visited Carmel, writes, "The whole mountain-side was dressed with blossoms, and flowering shrubs, and fragrant herbs. There are oaks and

pines, olive and laurel trees. Hollyhocks, jasmine, hyacinths, jonquils, and various creeping flowers grow wild upon it.

Eva. "Oh I wish I had a handful of those flowers. I would tie them up in a nosegay for mother. She is so fond of flowers!"

You might find other things than flowers, if you were there. Here and there are curious round stones, that are all flint on the outside, but filled with beautiful crystals. They call them "Elijah's melons." Then there are smaller ones, which they call "apples," and smaller ones still, called "olives."

Harold. "I wish I knew some traveller that I could ask for one of those melons or apples for my cabinet."

Then Carmel is full of great deep caverns, in which people used to hide themselves from those who would do them harm. God refers to this when speaking of sinners, Amos ix. 3, he says, "Though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence."

Harold. "I do not see why any body should try to hide from God, for he sees in the dark as well as in the day."

Yes, just as well. Do you know any passage in the Bible that says this?

Harold. "In the 139th Psalm there are some beautiful verses, which I committed to memory the other day, that say this!"

Repeat them if you can.

Harold. "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shalt thou lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me."

Lucy. "Is the view as beautiful from the top of Carmel as it is from Tabor?"

Yes. From the south-eastern end, looking right over the plain, you see Tabor. From the north-western end, you see far out on the blue Mediterranean, and here and there the white sail

of some vessel coming and going upon the sea.

Now I want to show you that religion is a Carmel as well as a Tabor.

Willy. "What, was there a transfiguration on it too?"

No. But something else occurred there that we will now attend to.

Let us now suppose ourselves about twenty-seven hundred years ago, and about nine hundred years before Jesus and Peter and James and John ascended Mount Tabor, sitting together in the shade, near the south-eastern end of Mount Carmel. Look up now and see those two men going slowly up the winding path toward the top.

Do you remember how many we saw going up Tabor?

"Four."

Yes, and here we see two.

Willy. "Who are they?

Why, one of them is Elijah.

Willy. "Elijah! Why he was one of those who came to talk with Jesus on Tabor. Isn't that strange?"

Harold. "Had Elijah been dead nine hundred years at the time of the transfiguration?

Yes. And now we see him going with his servant to the top of Carmel, and he has only to look eastward, and he will see the spot where in nine hundred years he will meet and talk with Jesus.

Lucy. "I wish God would send Elijah back again. I would so like to see him."

Be a good child, and God will send

you up one of these days to see Elijah.

What now do you suppose sent Elijah away up among the mountains there? Oh if you had lived in those times, you would have known all about it! The king and the people were awfully wicked. Ahab and Jezebel his wife, had persecuted the prophets of God, and killed a great many of them, and had set up idols, and they and all the people worshipped them. And God had refused to let one drop of rain fall or one drop of dew form for three years and six months!

There were deep channels in the land where once the sparkling streams rolled, but which were now parched and dry. The grass was all dried up. The leaves on the trees were all wi-

thered. Cattle died, and people died, and many moved away out of the land which God had cursed! And oh how the people longed for rain! Now and then a cloud would appear in the sky, and the people would watch it as it sailed along, and when they thought that it was just ready to pour down its treasures on them, it would glide away! And at last it seemed as if the land, which if the people had loved God, he would have made to flow with milk and honey, was to become a dry barren desert, where no one could live.

Thus it is with the soul in hell. Once there was a man who was very rich. He lived in a palace. He wore beautiful clothing. His table at every meal was loaded with good things, to

eat and to drink. He had horses, and carriages, and servants. But he was wicked, and one day death came and took him down to hell, and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and cried out for just one drop of water to cool his parched tongue! In this world he had everything that heart could wish. In that world he could not get so much as a drop of water!

And all the land of Israel was without water. Now notice that if all the people had been as bad as Ahab and Jezebel the land would have perished. For there would have been no one in all the land to pray.

So Sodom was buried up in a storm of fire and brimstone because there were not ten good men found in all the city.

But in the midst of all this distress, there was found one praying man—Elijah. And he is now going up on Mount Carmel to pray for rain.

Now they are nearly at the top. They stop. Elijah kneels down and bends his body forward, and puts his face between his knees, and prays.

Harold. "Why I never heard of any one praying in that way."

Well, how many praying postures are mentioned in the Bible?

Harold. "I do not know."

Suppose then we open the Bible and see. In 1 Sam. i. 23 Hannah says that she stood and prayed. In Mark xi. 25 Jesus says, "And when ye stand praying."

Joshua (vii. 6) fell prostrate on the ground and prayed.

Daniel (vi. 10) kneeled and prayed three times a day, with his face turned toward Jerusalem. So Stephen prayed, Acts vii. 60. And Peter, Acts ix. 40. And Paul also, Acts xx. 36.

And Jesus, in the garden, seems first to have kneeled, Luke xxii. 41, and then, when his agony increased, to have fallen prostrate on the ground. Matt. xxvii. 39.

But we may pray standing, or kneeling, or lying down, or when walking about the room or along the streets.

When Nehemiah wished to ask a great favour of King Artaxerxes, he put up a prayer as he was handing the cup to the king. Neh. ii. 1—4.

Harold. "What does it mean when it says we should 'pray without ceasing.?'"

You have seen a little bird hopping about on the ground. When you go near him, you note how readily he lifts his wings. He is not always flying, but he is always just ready to fly.

So we should be in prayer, always just ready to pray. We may pray fifty times a day. A very short prayer is still a prayer.

But look now at Elijah, bent down with his face between his knees. If we could only hear that prayer we should find out what it is to wrestle with God.

Lucy. "What does *wrestle with God* mean?"

It means to pray with all your might. Sometimes you say prayers. But suppose your mother was very

"PARDON, SIRE; PARDON!" Page 163.

sick, and you were asking God to save her life, you would do more than merely say prayers, oh, how you would pray!

One day Napoleon was riding along at the head of his staff when a young woman rushed right before his horse, and, kneeling down, clasped her hands, and with tears running down her cheeks, cried out—"Pardon, Sire, pardon!"

Napoleon reined in his horse and asked, "Who is this girl? What does she wish?"

"Sire," said she, "I am the daughter of St. Simon, who is condemned to die to-night." As she said this, her face became very pale, and fainting, she lay prostrate before him on the ground.

Napoleon looked a moment, and then said, "Take good care of the child, and tell her that her father is pardoned."

Now here was prayer. And if we go to Christ and pray in this way with our whole soul, he will be sure to hear us. And in this way Elijah prayed on Carmel.

After prayer, Elijah said to his servant, "Now go up to the mountain-top and see if there is any cloud in sight."

Harold. "Why, did he expect that after three years and six months of drought, it would begin to rain when he had prayed only once?"

Yes. And so we ought to expect God to answer us when we pray earnestly. What would you think of a

man who ploughed and sowed a field with wheat, and never looked to see if it was growing? Some people pray so many times a day, and never think to look and see if God answers their prayers. Some people have strings of beads, and they kneel down and say a few words, and then move one of the beads along, and call that a prayer. Then they say the words over again, and move another bead along, and call that another prayer. And when they have passed the whole twenty beads along the string, they call that saying twenty prayers. But this is not praying.

Well, Elijah's servant went up to the crest of the hill and looked all around, away westward over the Mediterranean Sea, but where were the

clouds? Alas! there was not one to be seen. And he came back and said to the prophet, "No, master, the sky is clear, and as hot-looking as it has been for three years. There is not the slightest sign of rain."

Then Elijah bent down again, and prayed longer and more earnestly than before. He cried to God, and told him how the land was suffering, how the people were dying, he told him that it was his own holy land that was suffering, and his own chosen Israel that was perishing. And then he told his servant to go back and look again for the clouds.

Back went the servant, and looked, and looked, and came again to his master and said,

"No, master, no sign of rain yet."

Then the prophet bent down his head again, and again he cried to God and begged of him not to let him pray in vain. He confessed that he was a sinner, that Ahab was a sinner, that Jezebel was a sinner, that the people were all fearfully guilty. He acknowledged that if it should never rain again, and if all the people should die and the Holy Land should become a miserable, barren desert, it would be all right. They richly deserved it. But he prayed that God would show, by sending rain upon that guilty land, that he was indeed a merciful God who loved to pardon.

Then he sent his servant to look again, and again he came back and said,

"No, master! It seems to me that

the sky is redder and hotter than ever. There is no use in praying. God has given us up. Let us fly to some land on which God has not sworn in his wrath never to smile again."

"Hold thy peace," said Elijah; "stand aside till I pray again."

Then he prayed again, and again, and again, and the seventh time, the servant came back and said,

"Master, a cloud is rising out of the sea, but it is nothing. It is hardly as big as your hand. It is not half as big as many a cloud we have seen that has come to nothing."

But Elijah said, "Hush! The rain is coming! Go say to Ahab, 'Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not.'"

And sure enough the little cloud

rose and spread out its dark wings farther and farther, and it grew blacker and blacker. And the wind began to sigh among the trees of Carmel. And the clouds still grew blacker, and the winds became more and more fierce. And then a few big drops of rain came down, and then they fell faster and faster, and a grand shower came pouring down on the guilty land! And oh how the people rejoiced. And oh how glad the cattle were. In a few hours the grass began to grow, and "all the trees of the field clapped their hands!"

Harold. "How many times do you think Elijah would have prayed if the rain had not come?"

Willy. "I think he was going to stop when he had prayed seven times."

Well I think that Elijah went up that mountain to pray till it rained, or till he had no more strength left. And I suppose that if we desire some blessing which we are sure God is willing to give, and will set ourselves to pray every day, and several times a day till it come, that our prayer is almost sure to be answered.

In the year 1800, a prayer-meeting was begun in a school-house in the state of New York. One man led that meeting for twenty years, when he was taken to heaven. Others successively took his place. Sometimes the meeting was very small. Then again more would attend.

By and by, after a long time; a youth was so deeply affected at that meeting, that he cried out under the

burden of his sins. From that hour a deep solemnity fell on the hearts of the people in the neighbourhood. A great revival began, which continued two years. It spread over all the surrounding region. Hundreds were converted to God. Nearly every family began to hold family worship, and ten young men entered the ministry, and began to preach Jesus to the perishing!

A gentleman once rose in a prayer-meeting, and said, "A few years ago a praying mother died, leaving six unconverted children. Since that," said he, "the last of those six children has become a Christian, and I am that last one."

Oh the power of prayer! Oh what a blessed thing for a country, for

family, to have even one in its circle that knows how to pray!

What a blessed thing it was for Israel that they had one Elijah in their midst! But for him what would have become of the nation!

Lucy. "But then Elijah was such a good man that his prayers were worth more than ours."

Yes, Elijah was in one sense a good man, but still Elijah was a sinner. What does God say? "There is not a just man upon the earth that doeth good and sinneth not." Ecc. vii. 20.

And what does James say (v. 17,) of Elijah? He says, "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are."

Oh if we have given our hearts to Jesus he will teach us to pray, and will hear and answer our prayers.

And yet how many people there are who never pray! How many fathers there are who never since they had little children around them even kneeled once in prayer to God for those children! These fathers love their children, and they labour to procure them food and clothing. They educate them. They would do anything for them. But they never yet prayed for them!

How many mothers there are who love, and watch over, and wear themselves out for their children, but who never pray for them!

Now when the fathers and mothers lay up money for their children they think that they are doing them a great service. And yet many a child has lost his soul by means of the money

left by their parents. But do you think that any child ever suffered any injury from prayers sent up to heaven for them by their parents?

God hears every prayer. Now, one mother dies and leaves a thousand prayers on God's book of remembrance for her child. What a precious legacy! By and by those prayers are answered, and that child is converted. At length he dies, and goes up to heaven, and there his mother receives with open arms the child drawn up thither through her prayers!

And yet many parents live years without being able to pray a prayer of faith for a child.

Let me tell you what I saw once. I was in a sick chamber. On the bed

lay a young woman in convulsions. Around the bed stood mother, father brothers and sisters. While we gazed upon the form of that sufferer, the mother called out in a piteous cry, "Oh all of you who can pray, plead with God for the soul of my child!"

And there were father, brothers and sisters, who never prayed for their own souls, and how could they pray for that dying one?

Then there are children in families, some of them twenty years old, who never prayed once in their lives a prayer of faith for father or mother!

That father, it may be, has seen many, many sorrows. Perhaps perplexities in his business have kept him awake night after night upon

his bed. Perhaps he has been sick and near to death, and no child of his knew how to pray for his body or his soul.

That dear mother, how she has loved and laboured for those children. And, oh, what sorrows she has endured! Perhaps she has followed the father to the grave. Perhaps she has suffered fearful attacks of bodily illness. And yet, in all her griefs and woes, no child has ever kneeled to plead with God for that poor, dear mother.

Is this right? How can any son or daughter sleep at night for thinking that they never pray for their father or mother?

And now, children, suppose your mother or father should fall into ter-

rible suffering of some form or other. Could you go to God and plead for them? Must they sicken and die without a prayer for them from the lips of a child?

One morning before I had had my breakfast, my door-bell rang, and a boy came in and asked me to come and see his mother. I went, and I found that mother a widow, in the midst of a circle of children. She had suddenly gone blind, and her soul was anxious on account of sin. And she wanted some one to pray for her. But not one of those children felt that they could do it.

Now they loved their mother. They would have gone any where and done anything for that mother, but what she now wanted was prayer for God's

blessing upon her in her sorrow, and those faithful, loving children had to go out of the house to get some one to come in and pray for their own mother.

Many, many a time have I been sent for by parents to come and pray for a sick and dying child. Only think of this!

Lucy. "But may not every one pray to God?"

Yes, my dear child, any one may call on God, any hour, in the day or night. But suppose you were very ill, death seemed to be coming rapidly on, and you not prepared to die. Tell me, would you want your friends to go out into the streets and take the first man they met, and bring him in to pray for you? He might be a bad,

profane, drunken man, or if he were a good man, in some sense, but a man who never prayed, would you want him to pray for you at such a time?"

Lucy. "No, I should want a Christian, and one who prayed every day for his own soul, to pray for me then."

Certainly you would. You would want one who had given his heart to Christ, and who knew how to pray, and who had often prayed before.

Suppose a company of boys, on a Saturday afternoon, when there was no school, to be going across the country for a stroll. Passing an orchard, they see trees loaded down with beautiful ripe peaches. Some are red, some yellow, and all are ripe and mellow. One boy says,

"Let's climb the fence and get some peaches." The others look at him in disgust and say, "Who'd be a thief?"

Then another says, "Let's send some one in to ask if we may have some."

"Agreed!" they all exclaim. "Who will go?"

To this Charley Hall responds,

"I'll go. I've been here before, and asked for some. The man smiles and speaks kindly, and always gives me some."

"Oh yes, you go, Charley," they all say, for they think they are much more likely to obtain what they wish if he goes and asks for them.

Just so it is in prayer. When I am sick or in sorrow, and desire some

one to pray for me, I send for some one who has often prayed, who is in the habit of praying, and who has often obtained what he asked for in prayer.

Now, children, you understand what I mean by calling religion a Carmel—a place of prayer. For when one is truly religious in his heart, he learns to pray, and he loves to pray.

When God wished to tell Ananias that Paul was a Christian, he said, "Behold he prayeth."

Do you then wish to pray for your father or mother? Would you like to be able to pray for any that are sick or in trouble, or for any that are dying? Do you wish to enjoy prayer? Then take Christ for your Saviour,

and his word as the rule of your life, and he will teach you how to pray the "effectual fervent prayer" that availeth much.

For my part, I would rather be without father, mother or friend; I would rather be without food or raiment, clothing or house; I would rather live in an almshouse, and die a poor, ragged beggar, enjoying the privilege and love of prayer, than without it to have earthly comfort.

"There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

"There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

"And there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

"That power is prayer—which soars on high,
Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the hand that moves the world,
To bring salvation down."

"GATHER ME ALL ISRAEL UNTO

MOUNT CARMEL."

PISGAH.

Get thee up into the top of

PISGAH.

Deut. iii. 27.

PISGAH.

WHAT direction and how far did we have to go from Tabor to Carmel?

Harold. "Westward about fifteen miles."

Well, to reach Pisgah from Tabor we should travel in a southwesterly direction about sixty or eighty miles, crossing the Jordan on the way, and stopping somewhere not far from the northern end of the Dead Sea.

Tell me now, if we should draw a straight line from Tabor to Carmel, and then two more, one from Carmel

and the other from Tabor to Pisgah, what figure would these lines form?

Harold. "A triangle, a long triangle, one side of it fifteen miles long, and the other two sixty or eighty."

That is right. Now Harold draw a triangle with a pencil on paper, and show it to the rest.

Very well. Now children look at that triangle, and remember that Tabor is at the north-east corner, and Carmel at the north-west corner, and Pisgah at the south-west corner, and you will never forget the relative positions of these several mountains.

Lucy. "What kind of a mountain is Mount Pisgah?"

That is a question that nobody can answer, for the very reason that no one knows exactly where Pisgah stands.

How many did we see ascending the sides of Tabor?"

Eva. "Four."

And how many went up to the top of Carmel?

Willy. "Two."

Yes, just half as many as ascended Tabor. Now we will fancy ourselves on some height, not far from Pisgah, and we shall see one lonely old man going slowly up towards its top.

What two men joined Jesus and his three disciples on Tabor?

Willy. "Moses and Elijah."

What was the name of the prophet we saw on Carmel?

Eva. "Elijah."

Yes, and now mark; the one we see on Pisgah, is Moses, the other of the two that joined Jesus on Tabor.

Harold, can you tell me how many years ago it was that the transfiguration occurred on Tabor?

"More than eighteen hundred."

And how long was it before this that the prayer of Elijah was offered on Carmel?

"About nine hundred I think."

Yes. And now remember that it was about five hundred before that, that Moses was seen on the top of Pisgah. So one of these events took place eighteen hundred years ago, and the next one twenty-seven hundred years ago, and the one we are now to consider, about thirty-two hundred years ago!

Harold, do you know how old Moses was when he climbed up to the top of Pisgah?

"I think he was nearly a hundred years old."

Lucy. "Oh he was older than that. We had it in our Sabbath-school lesson two or three weeks ago. He was a hundred and twenty years old."

Lucy is right. Moses was forty years old when he fled from Egypt. And he staid in the land of Midian forty years, and he was forty years with the Israelites in the desert. And three times forty is one hundred and twenty.

Was Moses very feeble now in body and in mind?

Harold. "No, sir. The Bible says that 'his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated."

For what is Moses going up that mountain?

Eva. "To die."

Yes. Jesus went up Tabor to be transfigured. Elijah went up Carmel to pray. And Moses went up Pisgah to do both. For no doubt he prayed, and when he died he was transfigured, for he went right to heaven, where his face became bright as the sun, and his raiment white as the light, and all the blessed ones in heaven gathered round him.

Or we may put it in this way. Jesus ascended Tabor to pray and to be transfigured. Elijah went up Carmel to pray, and all the land of Israel was transfigured by the glorious shower he called down from the skies, and Moses went up to Pisgah's top to pray and die and be transfigured.

It was a splendid view that lay be-

fore Moses as he stood alone, away up on that mountain top!

The whole army of Israel, just now at the end of their forty years' march through the desert, was encamped at the foot of the mount. Let me now read to you what another has written about this scene.

"It is a balmy, glorious day. The sun is sailing over the encampment, while the blue sky bends like God in love over all things. Here and there a fleecy cloud is hovering over the top of Pisgah. The trees stand green and fresh in the sunlight, the lowing of cattle rises through the still atmosphere, and nature is lovely and tranquil as if no sounds of grief were to disturb her repose.

"Amid this beauty and quietness,

Moses assembled the children of Israel for the last time to take his farewell look and leave his farewell blessing. He cast his eye over the leaders beside him, and over the host, while a thousand contending emotions struggled in his bosom.

"He made no complaints. He did not even refer to his death. He closed his address in the following touching language:

"'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms: and he shall thrust out the enemy before thee. Israel then shall dwell in safety alone. Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thine excellency?'

"He looked back on the desert; it was past. He looked forward on Canaan; it was near. He turned to the people; they were weeping. He cast his eye up Nebo; and he knew he must die. His farewell was echoed in many tones through the vast host, as he turned to ascend the mountain. As he advanced from rock to rock, the sobbing of the multitude that followed after, tore his heart-strings.

At length he paused on a high rock, and gazed a moment on the scene at his feet. There were the white tents of Jacob, glittering in the sunlight. He thought of the bones of Joseph he had carried for forty years; again he turned, and the rock shut him from view; and he paused alone on the summit of the mount.

"He stood, a speck on the high crag, and gazed on the lovely scene. Jordan went sweeping by in the glad sunlight. Palm trees shook their green tops in the summer wind, and plains, and cities, and vineyards, spread away in endless beauty before him."

And, children, what a scene met his eye! Away to the north he could just see the snowy head of Hermon. A little nearer he could discern the hills that towered about the sea of Galilee. Yonder was Tabor, standing above the plain as he now stood above, on Pisgah. Westward he could discern the top of Carmel. And nearer still, sat the hill of Bethlehem, and still nearer those hills on which Jerusalem was to be built, and hard by there the mount of Olives!

After taking one good long look he kneeled down and prayed, and fell down and died, and God buried him!

Now, children, religion is a Pisgah. It is a place of happy death-beds. Outside of religion there are plenty of death-beds, but not happy ones.

But there are two or three points I wish you to look at.

1. When Moses went up towards the top of Pisgah, he separated from all his earthly friends. And when we die, we part with all we love on earth.

This is sad. It is sometimes very hard. Suppose now, some strong man should knock at the door; we open it, and he says, "I have come to take Lucy with me. I am going across the ocean, and over mountains, and

through valleys, and across plains, thousands and thousands of miles. And Lucy can never see her father, mother, sister, or brother, or playmates again as long as they live.

Oh how Lucy would feel! How could she kiss them all and say, "Good bye—good bye. We shall never meet again in this world."

2. Then another thing about death is, that like Pisgah it is unknown. Nobody knows where Pisgah is, nor what it looks like. It may be a very beautiful, it may be an awfully dreary and barren mountain.

So with death. Nobody knows what it is like. None who are now alive, ever died, and none who once died, ever came back to tell us what it is to die. Lazarus was raised from

the dead, but we do not know that he ever said one word about what he saw or felt in dying. And we shall never know until we find out in our own experience.

3. Again, we die alone, just as Moses went up on that mountain all alone. Our friends gather around our bed. They look on. They take hold of our hand. But pretty soon we get beyond them, and we cannot see them, and they cannot see or speak to us; we die all alone.

But now there is something about those Pisgah-deaths that takes all our fear and sorrow away.

There is One who died an awful death. He has learned all about it. He knows every step of the way. Now suppose that one was your mother.

You know how she loves you Suppose, then, that just as you were going to die, your mother who had died before you, should be sent down from heaven to your bed-side. You could see her, but no one else could. She would whisper in your ear, "My child, don't be afraid. I am come to take you in my arms, and carry you right up to heaven."

Oh, how glad you would be! You could leave your father a while to go with your mother. You do not know what death is, but she does. And although none of your earthly friends could be with you, your sainted mother would have you in her very arms.

Now this would be a Pisgah-death. But the one I speak of is not your

mother, but if you love him and he loves you, he is your brother, sister, and mother. Matt. xii. 49, 50.

It is Jesus. He says, "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself." That, then, is a precious Pisgah-death, when Jesus takes us in his arms and carries us up to heaven.

4. One thing more. Moses, on Pisgah, just before he died, enjoyed a beautiful view of the promised land. So do very many who die in Jesus's arms. Oh, what scenes break upon some who die in the Lord!

"But some death-scenes are very different from those on Pisgah's top."

Very many years ago, a good old

man was walking along the highway. He was just returning from across the river where he had seen a chariot of fire and horses of fire come down and take his friend from his side and bear him away to heaven. As that friend went up, he dropped his mantle, which this one took up and threw upon his shoulders. When he reached the river, he took that mantle, and with it struck the waters, and they parted right and left, leaving a path by which he passed over to the other side. And now, he was walking along, musing upon the strange scenes he had witnessed, wondering, perhaps, if God would send a fiery chariot to bear him also to heaven when his work was done, when a company of wicked children ran after him, and mocked, and

cried out to him, "Go up, thou bald head, go up, thou bald head!" That is, "Get along, old bald head, get along, old bald head!"

God saw it all, and was angry at the insults heaped upon his prophet, and he sent two savage bears out of the wood after them, and they came upon those children and killed forty-two of them.

That was an awful death, to die in the very act of committing a great crime, by the judgment of an insulted God.

This was no Pisgah-death.

At another time, when a great many, filled with joy and love to Jesus, were bringing in their gifts to the apostles, a man and his wife sold a piece of property, and pretended to bring the money, and give it to the cause of the

Redeemer. But in fact they kept back a part of the price for their own use. Peter looked at the man when he came, and asked, "Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and keep back part of the price of the land?" And when Peter had done speaking, the man dropped down dead at his feet.

About three hours after, the woman came in, and Peter said to her, "Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much?" And she said, "Yea, for so much!" Then Peter said unto her, "How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord?" And when he had spoken, she too fell down dead! To die thus suddenly under the curse of God is not to die a Pisgah-death.

You have often heard of Herod the Great; great as a soldier, great as a monarch, great in the powers of mind God had given him, but greatest of all in his wickedness. But at length, it is said, he fell into a distemper and, as he despaired of recovering, he grew fierce, and indulged in the bitterest anger upon all occasions. His distemper greatly increased upon him, and this, by God's judgment upon him for his sins; for a fire glowed in him slowly, which did not so much appear to the touch outwardly as it augmented his pains inwardly. He had convulsions in all parts of his body. Once when his pains became very great, he called for an apple and a knife, but instead of paring the apple, he attempted to kill himself with the knife, and

would have done so if his cousin had not seized his hand and prevented the act. At last he died.

What an awful thing it is to lie upon a dying bed, sinking under disease, and at the same time filled with all the horrible passions of a wicked heart, and ready any moment to commit even worse crimes than any that had stained his hands and his soul during the days of health and strength.

This, certainly, was no Pisgah-death!

A great philosopher who had spoken much and written much against Jesus Christ, said, when he was dying, "I am about to take a leap in the dark. Were I master of the world, I would give it to live one day longer."

One said, "Doctor, can I live?"

"It is impossible," said the doctor.

"Oh, doctor!" cried the patient, "do save my life for a month."

"No, it cannot be. I may not deceive you."

"Then, doctor, for one half hour! half an hour! half an hour." And these were the last words.

But how bright are some Pisgah-deaths.

One said, "Is this dying? Is this what, for so many years, I have been dreading? Oh, how precious does the righteousness of the Saviour now appear. My bow abides in strength. I am robed in his righteousness. I am swallowed up in God!"

Another said, "Welcome my God and Father! Welcome sweet Lord

Jesus! Welcome death! Welcome eternity!"

Another exclaimed, "Wonderful, wonderful glory! We cannot comprehend such wonderful glory. I will praise him, I will praise him."

One day the great council of the Jewish nation was assembled, and a Christian man was brought before them to be tried. False witnesses were hired to appear against him and testify that he had spoken blasphemous words against the temple and against the law. And while he stood there, the whole council fixed their eyes upon him, and were amazed to see his face shining like the face of an angel.

And when his time came to speak in his own defence, he was filled with

boldness, and told them to their faces that they had betrayed and murdered the Just One, Jesus. "When they heard these things they were cut to the heart, and gnashed on him with their teeth."

When he spoke again, "they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city and stoned him."

Now this would seem to be an awful death to die; to be pounded to death with stones in the hands of infuriated, merciless men. And yet it was, in reality, a glorious Pisgah-death. For right in the midst of their violence, he kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!" Was not this sub-

lime and Christlike, thus to pray for enemies while they were murdering him? And then, we are told, "he fell asleep."

"Asleep in Jesus—blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep."

One evening a prayer-meeting of young people was held at the house of a minister. It was called at the request of a boy twelve years old, a son of the minister. He was very ill, and just about to die, and he wished to say a parting word to his young friends. The services were continued for about an hour, when the sick, dying boy was placed in an easy chair and brought into the meeting. The light from the stand shone full upon his features. He was pale and ema

ciated, and but for the glow of holy light that shone in his eye, he would have seemed ready for his shroud.

In a few, short sentences, spoken with difficulty, he told his young friends what the Saviour had done for his soul, and how bright heaven seemed, as its gates were just now opening to receive him. As he went on, new strength seemed to come to him. His voice became clearer and stronger, and he said to them, "My dear young friends, I am going to Jesus; he calls me home, and I go joyfully. May I not hope to meet you all there? Will you not now give your hearts to the Saviour, and so serve him all your days, and be prepared to dwell with him for ever? Oh, do not put off this great work.

Look on me, and see how necessary it is to repent in early life. Had I now no hope in Christ, what should I do? Where should I go? When you lay me in my grave, remember my words!"

Here his strength failed, and his brother carried him from the chair to his bed, which he never left again. They closed the meeting by singing—

"Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you further go.
Will you sport upon the brink,
Of everlasting woe?

"On the verge of ruin stop,
Now the friendly warning take.
Stay your footsteps, ere you drop
Into the burning lake."

"Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?

Fear ye not that iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes?

"Can you stand in that dread day,
Which his justice shall proclaim?
When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

"Sinners then in vain will call,
Those who now despise his grace,
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face."

While singing this hymn, one youth, who had long resisted the Spirit of God, was pricked through his heart. A friend whispered in his ear, "Have you no interest in this great subject?" This question caused his soul to overflow. For a week, he writhed in anguish, and then at last found peace in believing in Jesus.

Was not this a Pisgah-death to be the means of converting a soul while one

himself is dying? It makes us think of Jesus on the cross converting the dying thief.

Now, children, I want you, when your time comes, to die a Pisgah-death. Come to Jesus. Repent of your sins. Live holy lives. And learn this song, and sing it every day.

"O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys, when shall I see?

"In thee no sickness is at all,
Nor hurt nor any sore;
There is no death nor ugly sight,
But life for evermore.

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Would God I were in thee;
O that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see.

"Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows, crystal clear,
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold,
There angels do appear.

"If heaven be thus so glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly's this, that I should dread
To die and go from hence?

"Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

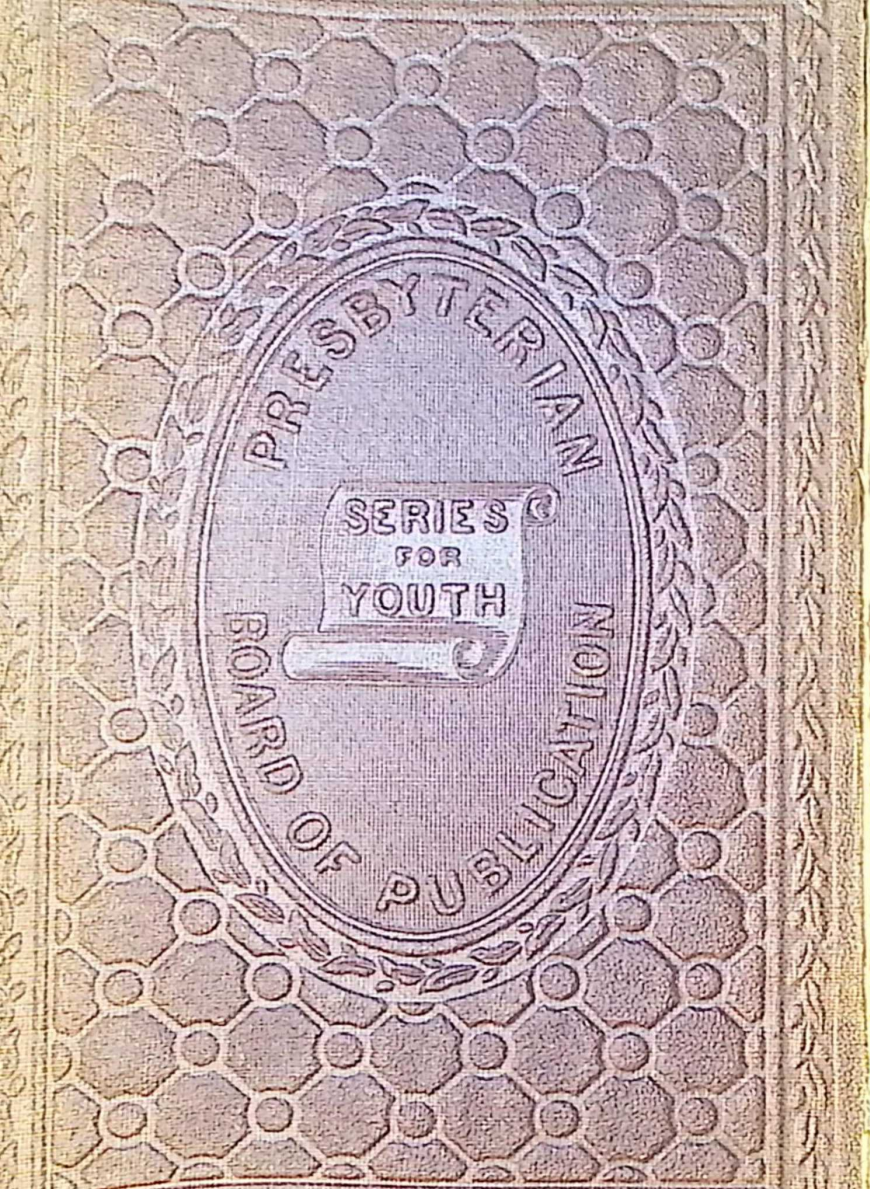
"My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care;
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

"When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun."

Children, good bye. Think about this sunny mountain and all its at-

tractions—about Tabor, with its transfiguration, Carmel and its prayers, and Pisgah with its happy death-beds. And the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God the Father, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you for ever and ever. Amen.

THE END.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